FORUM

For May, 1917

THE SUFFERINGS OF POLAND

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THE seemingly impossible has happened. We in America are now openly on the side of humanity. The German ships have been seized, taken by the American Navy. Of all the thrilling events I have lived through, there has been nothing which has so touched me as that fact. I have pictured it to myself, imagined it all, how the sailors swiftly and quietly hoisted the Stars and Stripes over those ships of the Fatherland, and contrasted the imagined with the real pictures, fresh in mind and heart as if lived through yesterday. They were the desperate reality.

When I was caught by the tide of war in Poland, caught in a trap, held an unhappy prisoner with my three small children, still more fortunate than all the people about me, I heard much talk of those ships. Having the German Staff quartered in my house, I heard the officers discuss many things they would not have done had there been any seeming possibility of my escape. Forced to serve them, to sit at the table with them, I heard them talk over many amiable projects as freely and openly before me as if I were a table or a chair. I gained the impression that all they cared for, all that kept them long ago from committing some "overt act" against the United States was the fear of confiscation of those great liners—and now it has happened.

I wonder what has become of that American Army of

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the Fatherland of which we had heard so much? How often I was told what would happen if the United States dared to break off relations with Germany! How overnight New York would be seized—how there were quantities of concealed munitions, parts of submarines, how every German had his place and knew it; in fact those officers who spoke so freely before me seemed to think America would not stand the ghost of a chance if once she dared object officially.

And yet—War has come, and New York is standing on the same spot. That city which was to be the first fruit of the war! The German ships have been taken over, and the American Army of Germany is conspicuous by its absence, the Germans here having evidently learned a little better how to judge the value of Kultur, and knowing very well on which side their bread was buttered.

With even the ties of blood they can hardly realize to what pass that same Kultur has brought their relations in Germany. They hear and read what happens in the countries Germany has occupied, but do not believe it. The whole world is aghast at the awful state of that portion of France evacuated by the enemy, yet no one seems to realize that Poland has been even so from the first moment the Prussians came, that they were no sooner over the border when Kultur began for the people.

One of the first results was the levy upon all food, followed after a few days by the confiscation of all seed grains, which were afterwards sold back to the people at 25 marks a measure. The fields had to be cultivated under pain of confiscation; after the peasants had patiently and painfully labored through that awful summer of 1915, they were met by a proclamation when harvest time came forbidding the Poles to touch the fruit of their labor. The crops belonged to the Military.

It were well if Americans could understand the moral obliquity of the Kultur Traeger. From my personal observation, I should say the only person a Prussian officer felt he could tell a truth to is to a Prussian. Promises could be given solemnly to other mortals, but with no intention of

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keeping them. We, in the occupied territories, were a non-existent quantity. Therefore, we could not be deceived. The story of what happened to my lorgnette is an example of this curious mental attitude. After the Prussians had occupied our town about four months and we felt as if we had died and the world had forgotten us, one day an aeroplane appeared over Suwalki, and in my desire to see someone free, I did an indiscreet thing. My lorgnette was sewed in my mattress (all else in the way of jewellery had gone to pay the contribution made upon our little town, 200,000 marks). I ripped it out, went eagerly to the window to look at what I hoped was a Russian air-man spying out the land before an attack. As I stood there gazing, an officer came in, instantly telling me what a beautiful lorgnette I had, asking to see it. With great misgiving I handed it over, begging him to return it, that all else had been taken from me. He was offended, said he was an officer and did not steal. After examining the lorgnette minutely, he handed it back to me, clicked his heels together, and went away. The next day he came once more, this time to borrow the lorgnette, saying the officers were racing some horses that day and that he was near-sighted. Of course I had to hand the lorgnette over, even though the picture of a Prussian officer at the races with a lady's lorgnette was rather overpowering. He gave his word to bring it back to me in a few hours —promised! Perhaps one hour afterwards, his orderly came to me, a soldier who very often did us a kindness. He said he was sorry for me, that he had just carried my lorgnette to the post—it was already on its way to Prussia, to the officer's wife. I often saw that officer afterwards, sat at the table with him, and dared not say one word, or even look my contempt.

The treatment of prisoners is so awful the human mind can hardly take it in. When the battle of Augustovo took place, beginning the second week of February, 1915, two brigades of Russian soldiers were surrounded in the woods. They were brought into our town to be made an example of as a revenge for East Prussia. The punishment put upon

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them was so appalling that the Germans thought no human being would ever presume to touch a Prussian possession again. The men were driven in like dogs, hitched to the guns and the horses driven alongside them, jeered at, beaten, clubbed if they fell down, kicked until they got up or lay forever still. Many of the German soldiers would tantalize them with the sight of food, those starving men. Then they were shut in the churches, packed in—it must have been two tiers deep—like sardines in a tin. So many were there that a man could not raise his hand to his head. Then the doors of the church were closed and a guard put around, and the poor creatures were kept there without food or water for almost two weeks. When the doors were opened, such is the wonderful tenacity of life in human beings, that even then some were alive. *And I knew it was going on all that time and had to hear the Germans often speak of it, of their punishment for East Prussia.*

Of all those men taken in the battle of Augustovo I doubt if there is one alive to tell the tale, for from the 15th of February, when they were brought in, they were given no rations of food until the 15th of July, having to depend upon the poor townspeople. The townspeople were truly golden-hearted, sharing their last bite with the poor unfortunate ones, though they had nothing themselves and were in almost as bad a state as the soldier prisoners. The prisoners very quickly lost any resemblance to humanity. They were dirty, because they were not allowed to be clean, herded together and publicly rejoiced over when they died. Such was the force of the epidemic which came after all this state of affairs that the Prussians were themselves punished by the sickness and loss of many of their own men.

The townspeople were absolutely without defence against the Army of the Invader. The soldiers would not have been so cruel many times, but were punished if they were kind. They dared not give food, and many times we also were punished for giving food to the prisoners. There were many days of extra severity, till one wonders if anyone exists in that unhappy country.

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Now the Americans are in this war. I only hope that they will have the courage to know that their part is the helping, the building up, the healing of the wounds of the unfortunate invaded countries, rather than the actual warfare; that with their declaration of war and army preparation, the great work they have done in relieving the sufferings in Europe will not be interfered with. When peace is finally declared, another army will be needed, a peaceful army, to go to Europe to work, to teach and help those people to once more be human, to look the world in the eyes; for one of the first things the Kultur Traeger does is to kill all sense of pride and self-respect. Surely it is the work of America to bring it back, to give the hand and say: "Brother, here is help for you; here are seeds and implements and comforts. Stand on your own feet."

AMERICANS!

I

Comrades! we have not sought the War—but rather
Than see the light of liberty abate,
We would array ten million sons, would gather
All our vast wealth to save us from that fate.
Comrades! we wished to stay at peace, but forces
Beyond our power to alter drew us in:
There were two ways, but not two noble courses.
We made our choice! We have a war to win!
And we *shall* win! Earth's future shall be written
On the high clouds in syllables of scarlet,
Unalterable; the heavens shall be litten,
Damningly—then Autocracy, the harlot,
Shall cringe and creep through the dispersing gloom,
Too impotent for anything but doom.

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II

Comrades! thank God we have this cause to fight for,
And have a leader equal to the fight;
His is the voice we listened all the night for—
And now we hear it championing the right.
Comrades! the War has set our people thrilling,
And unified us and made firm our land;
Tomorrow lasting peace shall come, Christ willing,
Where nations shall no more misunderstand.
There is a creed has clamored long for hearing,
A creed symbolic of a larger life;
And even now the mighty hour is nearing:
Out of the agony of mortal strife,
A word is born for all! DEMOCRACY—
Word that shall heal the world and make it free.

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IS THE KAISER MAD?

CORT LEIGH

"Thirty-two months have passed since the first German soldier crossed the Belgian frontier and by his crossing opened a breach in the wall of civilization through which wave after wave of barbarism has entered."

THE die is cast. The United States has at last gone into the War. The remaining great neutral nation of the world has finally been compelled to take its stand against Prussianism.

Our little friend Cuba was quick to follow. The Central American republics are mobilizing against Germany. South America is astir with indignation at the Central Empires. Even China has given her vote of censure. Practically the whole civilized world now stands behind the Allies.

How is it possible, in this enlightened age, for one man so to offend the very fibre of humanity that the peoples of all nations and all creeds and all races should rise as one man against him. *Is the Kaiser mad?*

Consider, for a moment, before answering that question, what the ambition of the Hohenzollern had been. For over a generation he had directed all the vast machinery of his Empire to a single end, had employed the mechanical and agricultural and military genius of sixty million subjects to one colossal ambition—*world conquest.*

There it is, in bald words. That is what he had been working and scheming and plotting for. Why mince matters? Most of us realize it, now. We know, of course, that he did not hope to achieve this all at once; but with Belgium out of the way, France quickly subjugated, and Britain overcome—the rest of it would be comparatively easy. He would aim a sudden, paralyzing blow at America; then at the East, China and Japan. After that . . . . .

It all hung on France. But France, to the surprise and joy of the whole world, held and turned and rolled back the Invader. Right there, on the Marne, in August of 1914, General Joffre and his gallant *poilus* crushed out forever the Teuton hope of a vaster Deutschland.

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Emperor William, however, did not realize this. Abandoning hope of victory before Christmas, but still confident of complete success by spring, Turkey was dragged into the bloody arena and a staggering blow aimed at Russia. But what to any other nation would probably have been a quietus was to " the Bear that walks like a man " only a prod which goaded him to frenzy. And but for the corruption and dishonesty of a fatuous Autocracy, the tables would speedily have been turned—and the Bear would have cavorted across the plains of Hungary up Unter den Linden. But luck was against the Allies, and a criminal munition shortage dashed triumph to earth and sent the Russian armies retreating far into their own territory, abandoning Poland to a savage and merciless foe.

If the Kaiser lives to a ripe old age (which in certain quarters is considered singularly unlikely) he will never suffer a severer shock than that sweeping Russian advance, led by Grand Duke Nicholas, occasioned him. But even had he been quite callous, one damning fact must have pursued him relentlessly by day and stalked hauntingly through his dreams by night. *All hope of victory was now over.* For from the hour of his double failure—first, to make a lightning march past Liege and Namur to Paris; and second, to smash through Petrograd to the East—from that hour the house of Hohenzollern was doomed, and the end of Turkey in Europe absolute.

Is it any wonder the Kaiser twice offered peace? He had his royal neck to save—if he could!

But his moments were not opportune for peace talk. The Allies had already sacrificed too much not to go on with it to the victorious end. In answer to that first overture, Russia initiated a new offensive, England re-uttered her solemn vow to prosecute the War until a lasting peace could be possible, France raised the biggest loan in her history, and Italy crushingly defeated an Austrian army in the snowy Alps. One and all, the punishers of Prussianism demonstrated that they had the courage of their convictions, and that they were determined what they had undertaken

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at such a frightful cost should not fall short of complete fruition.

From that hour on, Germany was beaten. There was no longer any doubt of it. Low murmurings began to be heard in the Central Empires. In addition to reverses on the battlefield, the people were not getting enough to eat. But if conditions were bad at home, they were infinitely worse in Austria, in Bulgaria, in Turkey. By this time, Prussia's co-conspirators were heartily sick of the miserable business, and wanted nothing so much as peace. The Ottoman Empire became a hotbed of mutiny and insurrection and open revolt. German officers were shot down on the streets of Constantinople and other cities by Turkish officers, who were in turn shot down. Conditions were frightful. Subjects of the German Emperor kept indoors, not daring to show themselves.

Time passed. Conditions grew steadily worse. Then, at precisely the wrong time, Rumania entered the War. And Germany, seeing her chance, pounced and slew. Then, with a sudden military prowess that rested solely upon that poor crushed State, she made a second overture for peace. Rather a small bid for consideration. Yet the Teuton staged it with all the pomp of a Waterloo.

Three months before, everyone on the inside knew that the Central Powers intended a Rumanian coup, followed by a dictum for the cessation of hostilities. That is the reason the ensuing Cabinet shake-ups took place. England, France, Russia, Italy, and the rest of the Entente wanted no premature peace, were determined not to have one. So they threw overboard the pacifists and cleared their ships of State for continued action.

Meanwhile, some time before, a ship had gone down, and Uncle Sam had begun to think. It was the *Lusitania.* Then another ship went down, and Uncle Sam told Germany to stop doing such things. It was the *Sussex.* Then, for a while, Germany stopped. We thought she had changed her tactics. But no! She was building submarines—three a week! And filling our country with spies and plotters!

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Several months passed, and Uncle Sam had almost forgotten the matter—when all of a sudden Germany announced that hereafter the ocean was hers, and that if we wanted to sail boats on it we would have to do it in a certain way.

This made Uncle Sam exceedingly angry. He took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves and told Germany that we would sail our boats where we pleased.

Germany said: "If you do we will sink them!"

Uncle Sam said: "All right. Go ahead, and see what happens!

So Germany went ahead, and sank two or three.

Then Uncle Sam said: "We will arm each boat that leaves our ports."

Then Germany said: "That will be war!"

And it probably would have come about in that way, had Zimmermann and Bernstorff not made a diplomatic blunder and let the Mexican note fall into our hands.

That document precipitated matters. From that day on, war was certain. And had there not already been ample reason to doubt the Kaiser's sanity, would not that communication have furnished just grounds? What a maniac attempt at subterfuge! What a water-brained piece of business. The annals of history contain no such duplicate of folly.

Is the Kaiser mad?

Ordinary insanity is without method. But in the workings of Emperor William's brain there is no lack of method. It is easy to see what he is after. It is difficult, however, to conceive how a sane man could in the 20th Century have hoped to achieve such an ambition. And it is doubly difficult to understand why he fails to realize that he is beaten.

History has some place for a man who dreams of a gigantic victory and after attempting to put it into execution, admits defeat. But there is no place in history for a man who clings frenziedly to a hopeless cause, dragging with him half the world.

But if he and his party will not admit it, they must be

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made to—even though that entails untold suffering to the German populace. It is unfortunate that the many should suffer for the few—but when the many are ruled by the few, they must accept the punishment that their rulers evoke. It is a pity that the German people cannot be reached directly. But the scheme of things runs differently. They whose own flesh and blood drew the hateful sword must bare their own bosoms to its wrath.

A COLOSSAL DEFEAT

What has this canny madman accomplished, of all his proud dreams of conquest? How many of all the lands he hoped to rule do his armies hold? Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Poland, a little of France. Small exchange for five million slain and an Empire cast away!

Even now, the German troops in Belgium and France are retreating, England remains unconquered, Italy is menacing Austria on the west, Russia is threatening Hungary on the east, Bagdad has fallen and with it the hard-won prestige in Mesopotamia—and last of all, the United States has added the final weight of opinion, turning the scales definitely and finally against the Central Empires as they are now organized.

From start to finish, the Kaiser has played a cruel and senseless game. To humble and crush Belgium, he allowed all manner of frightful atrocities to be committed, beautiful historic relics to be laid in dust and the most sacred art treasures to be ruthlessly destroyed. *Louvain!* It speaks volumes. There they had their will.

They murdered feeble old men, slaughtered children, outraged defenceless women, committed all manner of vile and savage acts—yet what did it accomplish? Did they break the spirit of Belgium?

God forbid that tyranny and oppression may ever break the spirit of man! Human nature is too wonderfully constituted. Instead of breaking the spirit of that stricken land, they only heightened the people's resolve that they would never be conquered. Today Belgium, under the tyrant's heel,

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is still free and unbroken, though the graves of the Teutons who strove to crush out the spirit of that brave people dot the countryside from the Meuse to the Channel.

What happened in Belgium is typical of Serbia, of Poland, of Rumania. The suffering of those little States has been almost intolerable, the oppression and the tyranny beyond our power to conceive—but through it all and in spite of it all, the national spirit survives, transfigured, glorified, unquenchable.

In an attempt to paralyze Russia, German spies and agents were scattered broadcast, Slav generals were corrupted, the Court was sown with treason, the Royal family was enlisted to Teuton loyalty—but in spite of it all, Russia is today a Republic, and the War is being prosecuted as never before. The voice of the people, in one great chorus, repudiated the hateful German influence, together with the Romanoffs and everything connected with Autocracy.

In an attempt to terrorize Britain, the Zeppelin scourge was loosed, and London and the surrounding countryside were made the target for Prussian malevolence. Scores of innocent citizens were killed. Edith Cavell was put to death. Captain Fryat was executed. Submarines were sent out by the hundreds to strike England's supremacy of the seas a blow beneath the belt—yet today British patriotism and loyalty are at fever heat, her colonies are faithful, her merchant fleet is not appreciably diminished, and a vast army of millions of men from London and Liverpool and the whole Kingdom is fighting in France beside the men of Paris and Lyons and the South. In return for her savage work, Germany has created throughout the entire British Empire a spirit of loyalty and devotion unprecedented in the world's history.

In an attempt to cripple the industries of the United States and spread dissension and anarchy and revolt throughout our possessions and dependencies and neighboring territories, Germany has reaped another enemy—in many respects the strongest enemy of all. By his spies and plotters and pseudo-diplomats, the Kaiser has made a unit of the

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United States, has refired our manhood, has given us a new unity and a new purpose.

Wherever the German Emperor has laid his hand, in his madness, a new loyalty and a new devotion and a new conscience have awakened—until today practically the whole civilized world is against him. By his terrorism and ruthlessness he has stirred the noblest instincts the world has yet seen. By his corruption and his intrigue he has brought forth a new spirit of Democracy. By his brutality and barbarism he has shown us a higher humanity and a loftier civilization. Everywhere, the reaction is abroad.

BEATEN IN EVERY QUARTER

The Emperor's armies are being pushed slowly to the Rhine. Consider for a moment the Hindenburg line. Forced to retreat, the Prussian general selected an arbitrary line and decided to withdraw to it and there hold firm. But he did not take into consideration the fact that, to an enemy who is just about to attack, such a retreat is little short of a stroke of providence. Now that he has taken up his famous line, Hindenburg finds the Allied armies opposed to him offering the most vigorous assault of the War. Why shouldn't they? They were all prepared to fight vigorously for the miles of land he willingly abandoned. So, the very initiative of their offensive gained without struggle, they are in a position to expend still more vigorous efforts to capture the new positions.

The dispatches on the subject are as nearly humorous as dispatches ever become. Each day we read in the press: "Allies again smash the Hindenburg line."

This line is typical of the German mind at large. It assumes impossible premises, and draws untenable conclusions. It attempts to make gods of men and mythology of deeds. *It is that element in the Teuton make-up which must be eliminated.*

Militarily, the Kaiser has bitten off more than he can swallow. Already, within that vast circle of his, he holds the very essence of disintegration; and with every additional

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foot of ground he might gain from the Allies, who could well afford to lose it, he would be heaping the reservoirs of collapse. The time *must* come when the walls shall break.

Meanwhile the Allies, gaining all the time in power and purpose, will continue to deliver increasingly severe blows upon the ring from without. They will bend it here and dent it there, decreasing it all the time in size, wearing it down in strength—until when the crash does come, it will find itself struck from without and from within simultaneously, and will buckle and break.

An enemy surrounded is generally an enemy beaten. And Germany is surrounded. There is no escape. They have tried to break through and failed. They can do no more. Meanwhile we have only to exert a continuous uniform pressure, a "squeezing" process, as it has been called —and victory will eventually be ours. But that is not the whole of the business, by any means. Being surrounded, the Central Powers face a very grave economic situation; for whatever food or munitions they need must either come from their own territories or be smuggled in—whereas we have the whole world as a market. That alone, in time, would prove a decisive factor. In spite of the fact that Germany maintains she is self-sufficient, investigation shows that she is not. Exhaustion stares her in the face. Meat, butter, eggs, sugar, flour, cotton, steel, coal—almost all the necessities of civil and military existence are approaching famine rates, a sure sign of their extreme scarcity. Even now, a further reduction of 25 per cent. in bread rations is about to take place. Should the 1917 crop of potatoes and wheat fall short, the German populace will either demand the surrender of their armies or starve.

Such is the existent state of affairs. Another year of war will bring to the Central Empires not only ignominious defeat, but untold suffering. Do you wonder that Count von Bethmann-Hollweg talked of peace? Do you wonder the world asks if the Kaiser is mad?

But that is not all. Germany had, prior to 1914, over 1,000,000 square miles of colonies, with a population of

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12,000,000, and yearly revenues totaling millions of marks. Now Germany has lost all this—an amount of territory equal in area to the combined states of Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota and Ohio. In other words, *the Kaiser has lost to his people, through this War, land equal in area to nearly one third of the total area of the United States, and more than five times as much as the inclusive area of France.*

Such is the Central Power's status quo on land.

Where has the German fleet kept itself for nearly three years? Has it come out in the open and fairly challenged England's supremacy of the seas? No! it has skulked off Heligoland, afraid—and sent pirate submarines forth to prey upon Allied commerce.

There have been skirmishes. A couple of destroyer fights. But only once did the British sea-dogs get a halfway respectable chance to show their mettle. That was Jutland! And what happened? The Germans ran away. But that was not the worst. They ran home and told everyone how they had defeated England's Navy. And a good many people believed it, for a time. Then, one day, the real facts were revealed, and—well, they told a different story.

Heligoland is becoming strangely congenial to the German fleet. They stay there month after month, the seas of the world swarming with Allied trade; while England, France, Russia, Italy, and now the United States, are quietly storing up prodigious quantities of food-stuffs and munitions—for "the Hour." When that hour arrives, the great blow will descend, lightning-like and fearful to contemplate. It may come sooner than any of us expect.

At the beginning of the War, Germany completely outclassed the Allies in aircraft. She had 700 aeroplanes and at least 100 Zeppelins, while England and France and Russia had less than 150 aeroplanes between them, and scarcely a lighter-than-air machine suitable even for observation pur-

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poses. And for several months the Central Powers held the undisputed ascendency of the air. But that is changed now. Recent reports from the firing line show that Germany has been practically driven from the air, whereas Allied aeroplanes and observation balloons are thick along the whole front. The battle of Arras is being won by English and French airplane superiority. Germany has lost her battle-eyes.

Then there is the matter of Zeppelins. Upon these long silvery cruisers of the skies, the Imperial Government placed the highest confidence, and lavished fortunes. They were to work wonders. London was to be reduced to ruins. The whole English countryside was to be laid waste. The Allies were to be brought down upon their knees. But instead—since the beginning of the War, Germany has lost no less than 38 of these monsters in raids that not only failed of material damage—but that woke the Britishers out of their complacency, and showed them that the Empire was at stake. Such a service was inestimable. When those calm English fathers and husbands and lovers saw death dropping out of the sky—not destruction of any military value, but just plain *brutal death*—they went and enlisted, millions of them. Every time a Zeppelin was sighted over the British Isles, the recruiting stations got positively congested.

A Zeppelin costs in the vicinity of $500,000. So it is seen that Germany has contributed something like $19,000,000 to Lord Derby's recent recruiting fund. Besides, each "Zepp" mans a crew of from 14 to 26 men; so something like 500 Germans have sacrificed their lives in the cause of the Entente Allies. In the air, as well as on land and on sea, Germany has been beaten.

So far, by their campaign of submarine frightfulness, the Teutons have managed to account for 5 per cent. of Allied commerce carriers—a fairly large figure, when it is taken into consideration that in peace times less than one-fourth of one per cent. of vessels are lost at sea, the world over. But in accounting for this 5 per cent., no less than 88 per cent. of the German submarine fleet have found their

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way either into the nets laid by England and France, or to the bottom of the ocean. Moreover, England is building ships at least as fast as the U-boats can destroy them. And with the entry of the United States into the War, Germany might as well abandon all hope of starving out the Allies.

For the mere pittance of trade she has destroyed, Germany has embittered the nations of the earth against her, and given her cause its darkest color. Long after the War has passed into history, and its passion and hate have cooled, the German campaign of submarine frightfulness will be recalled with a shudder. The *Lusitania,* the *Arabic,* the *Laconia*—such names can never be forgotten.

Even the Imperial German exchequer is unequal to the task of combatting the lumped wealth of a hostile world. Not only has England been the world's banker for scores of years, with credit reaching into limitless billions of pounds; but in addition, she possesses an almost fabulous wealth of colonies; and in her own home Kingdom, her subjects have at her disposal the garnered and inherited wealth of generations. France, moreover, is an economical nation, and has surprised everyone by her financial solidity. And in much the same measure, Italy has proven a revelation. Russia alone, of all the Allied Powers, must be financed; and England is able to care generously for all her needs. With the United States in the War, new and practically limitless storehouses of wealth are opened up.

The Central Empires, on the other hand, are possessed of no such colossal wealth. To begin with, two great sources of supply are closed to them. They have no colonies to come to their aid; and they are unable to borrow money abroad.

The only way Germany and her Allies have of securing funds for the War is by direct domestic subscription. And lately it has come to be more nearly *conscription!* When the people have given their last, then where is the money to come from?

Is the Kaiser mad?

I see him as a rather pitiful ruler, with an inherited

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egotism that has been fostered almost to the point of fatuity. In the hands of a clever military party backed by his son, the Crown Prince, this egotism has been indulged for their selfish ends until he has come to see himself as the very epitome of the German ideal and aspiration—whereas he is only a vain, weak man.

For the sake of the selfish ambitions of a handful of schemers, he has wrecked his Empire and brought the reign of the house of Hohenzollern to the point of an ignominious close.

But he has done one thing for which the German people will be eternally grateful. He has broken the chains that held them in bondage, and has given them their free place in the great world of tomorrow.

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AMERICA'S ATTITUDE

GEORGE STANLEY

JONATHAN, though little more than a newcomer, as the responsible head of a family, is the Big Noise in the community. If you should doubt this—ask Jonathan.

When he set up his Penates, he made it known that he believed in liberty, the rights of man, the pursuit of happiness, and what not, and declared them to be his ideals. Moreover, they were not for him only, but for all mankind. They were inalienable, among the things of which no man could be justly deprived—and Jonathan gave notice that his interest covered the race. What was good for him was good for everybody, and none need longer suffer oppression.

It was gallantly uttered, as if the spirit of the tourney had been revived. A champion had risen to do battle for liberty and the right, and henceforth the victory would neither be to the swift nor to the strong but to the valiant—to him who challenged creation in the cause of humanity.

Jonathan was certain of the commotion he would make in the community, and when divers strange echoes began to assail his ear, he repaired to his stoop to listen. Nothing like it had ever occurred in the community before. The hubbub was growing momentarily, and could only be compared with the blare of an approaching band in a quiet village street on a Sabbath morning; but rising above it all Jonathan could distinctly hear the reverberations of his words. He could also see some marked effects. It was, to be sure, a far look; but Jonathan's eyes were keen, as were his ears, and could not deceive him. The folk were stirring everywhere; several of the neighbors were plainly disconcerted; many of them seemed preparing to make a gala day of it; some were cheering their heads off; others tossing their caps into the air. Looking heavenward, Jonathan beheld the clouds disperse and melt into the blue. It was a good omen. A new day had surely arrived, and lovers of liberty would breathe more freely now—for Jonathan was on their side!

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From that day to this, he has been the pace-setter, as he himself can show you, with necessary diagrams.

Jonathan lives apart from the community proper, some two or three hundred yards, though not in isolation as to neighbors. Contiguous to his land are several Latins who, like Jonathan, declared for democracy. These neighbors, just on the other side of his fence, he has always regarded with a peculiar interest. They were weak, almost defenseless, and would fall an easy prey to the powerful and rapacious. That, however, was not the sole beginning of the peculiar interest; but meditating on the subject one day, and with it, on something rather personal, Jonathan quietly took them under his protection. They became his wards. Since then he has made few calls, formal or informal, manifests little desire to be sociable, and seems to be interested only in what his neighbors can give him, or what he can take, which has frequently caused them to question the motive behind the protection. They are not entirely without friends, entirely helpless, or entirely unwilling to defend themselves against a foe who would seek to despoil them; but Jonathan still declares that he knows best what is good for them, which would go to prove that his interest is as strong as ever—but what, ask the Latins, is the nature of the interest? Jonathan may proclaim liberty—but who is it for, and what does it mean? It may be comforting to know that one is under powerful protection, and perhaps one ought to be grateful; it isn't everyone who can snuggle into bed at night with the assurance that the cow will be found in the pasture in the morning—but comfort and gratitude are both results, and come from clearly seeing the point.

Two other of the neighbors, Mongol and Nippon, who live away off in an easterly direction, and still farther removed from the community proper, have occupied Jonathan's attention more or less, ever since he noticed their presence. This, of course, would be expected of a broad humanitarian like Jonathan. Nippon has risen to considerable prominence within recent years, is adaptive, progressive, resourceful,

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courageous, and all that; but strange to relate, Jonathan makes no bones about having little neighborly feeling for the Nippon person, and would pass him by, if he could; he has no better feeling for Mongol—but Mongol has his values, and Jonathan keeps a fairly steady eye on him; he would never think of inviting him to his cotillions or card parties, but is strong for a free hand in his midst.

The leading families of the community proper—Briton, Gaul, and Teuton—are powerful and distinguished; but the latter, a notorious bully, is now under a cloud in the best circles, because of recent disclosures of frightful brutality and ruffianism that put him without the pale of the civilized. One or two of the other families, though less powerful than these, occupy high social rank.

Jonathan himself comes of the first family, but you would never gather this from his manner or frequent speech. He is friendly, after a kind, quick to detect a grievance, or to find one, and is sometimes openly hostile. To gibe and jab old Briton is a popular pastime in the Jonathan family circle. It may be elemental, but it gives a sense of relief from the memory, still bitter, of a feud that brought about a separation more than a century ago. But let Jonathan get into trouble whether of his own seeking or not, and he immediately turns his eyes in the direction of the old homestead. Is the Old Lady watching? Will she get into action, or sit and twirl her thumbs in her lap? And true to the promptings that have never failed, she both watches and gets into action, and has more than once saved her still cherished son from the ruthless hand of Herr Teuton. It is always the Old Lady in storm and stress; at other times, you hear only of the Old Man Briton. The Old Lady refused to have anything to do with Jonathan's family quarrel half a century ago; but she is experienced, wise in her generation, and believes that family tiffs should be settled by those concerned. Jonathan soon forgets the favors and the indulgences; he remembers only the grievances, real or imagined, and the gibes and the jabs are continued.

While Old Man Briton has never himself suggested it,

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it would be greatly in Jonathan's interest to reach an understanding with him, looking to a closer bond between them and the better realization of their common ideals. But that is not in Jonathan's dream. Both Briton and other neighbors have, at different times, asked him to join them in neighborly excursions and games; but the instant a neighbor approaches with the ingratiating smile that Jonathan has come to know, he is cold and wary, and presently explains that this is his busy day, and that he will have to be excused. And one of the things on which Jonathan prides himself, is his neighborliness—but it is Jonathan's kind of neighborliness. So one-eyed is he in some things, and near-sighted in that, he can take in only the most partial view at a time; but in his refusal to be one of a party with any of the neighbors, Jonathan is governed by a family tradition—and need not see at all. The founder of the family, a most estimable man, in his last will and testament, warned his heirs and assigns to avoid a too thick friendliness with the neighbors; they were a quarrelsome lot; no sooner were they out of one broil than they were in another, and the Jonathans should keep clear of associations that might lead to entanglement and sacrifice. He had only recently established them in independence, and it was a trust they were to preserve inviolate. They were to be neighborly and keep their distance at the same time; to attend to their own affairs and let the neighbors attend to theirs.

It was good advice—when given; but it has come down the line, and has now the force of a commandment. Jonathan refuses to join a single club; takes no part in partisan debates, is independent in politics, and votes the ticket only when Jonathan himself is the candidate.

But on one thing he has specialized—the neighborhood soiree. At the soirees Jonathan blossoms into a new man; he is master of ceremonies and leads off the dance. You can hear him all over the hall; he is the most neighborly neighbor in the place; he can tell the best stories—usually about himself, waits on the ladies, and is the kind of cavalier you meet in juvenile fiction. At soirees Jonathan is irresistible, as some of the neighbors could tell you; and it

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pays, and pays handsomely, as Jonathan himself could tell you.

But the forefatherly advice Jonathan commits to memory, to patriotism, and to his children. The world has changed wonderfully since it was delivered, and the fortunes of Jonathan have wonderfully changed. He has grown rich, developed great possessions, and is recognized as a power in the community. But Jonathan is strong on family traditions, family habits, family prejudices, and even family hates, though century-old and cherished only by himself. In his coming and going amid the changing currents of time, Jonathan may have added a few peculiarities of his own; but compared with what he inherits, they are as mere variations to a musical theme, or as frills added to an ancient garment. It is the theme that is dominant, the ancient garment that gathers memory and sentiment—if also cobwebs. In the essentials, Jonathan is the most conservative man in the entire community—and believes he is the most progressive. That his traditions are barriers to progress he emphatically denies; he denies that they have anything to do with progress. They are institutions, and as institutions, they are to be preserved—if they are his and part of himself. Progress is visible, material—and Jonathan is its Exemplar. But since Progress began with him, and it has ever been his inspiration, then all that is called progress is his. Have you never heard him speak of the things of the spirit, and so forth? When do you even hear any of the neighbors say anything about *them?* So does Jonathan take the unction to his soul.

He views the neighbors from the inside of his fence; it is as far as he ventures, but it is far enough for Jonathan. He occupies vantage ground, you see; but the voluntary isolation has its inevitable result upon a self-contemplating nature like Jonathan's—his practice of measuring and valuing the neighbors, with a squint at himself, as in a mirror, in which he beholds himself as a sort of a redeemer, the one who set the community in the way of progress and its own salvation. Jonathan, however, never takes a squint at himself but the neighbors fade from mind in his interest in the

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reflection, and the squint becomes a full-faced, leisurely, deliberate look; it is life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, in which Modesty has no voice. Should he notice a sign of progress anywhere in the community, in the moving of the modern spirit, of the ideals of democracy, he curiously regards it, with a knowing smile.

"Ah-ha!" he exclaims; "up to the old game again, I see—imitating Jonathan!"

Jonathan is frequently heard in his thinking, but the neighbors good-naturedly charge it to his inexperience and the ebullience of youth. When he draws the bow a little strong, as he does at times, they may quietly smile up their sleeve; but, truth to tell, they would encourage him; they often do—and rather enjoy the listening! Bubbling youth is always interesting—though maybe at a distance—and who can say what good it may not do? The tall boast, the make-believe, may some day turn into the real. Words are only words, but they are the things of youth, the implements of fancy, and where you find much smoke you may look for fire. So argue and so hope the neighbors, who look with favor and indulgence upon youthful Jonathan. He is still performing chiefly with words, and he is frequently "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," but he may yet furnish some true examples, when he settles down to the serious business of life.

Jonathan confines his reading largely to Jonathan family history, and prefers the works that come under the head of fiction. They are spicier, more to his idea of it. The other family histories are prosy affairs, dull, inane, sleep-inducing. They have no more interest than the neighbors themselves.

An unusual and bloody fight has been going on for over two years, and drawn in the greater part of the neighborhood. It is well known who started it, and for what purpose. Jonathan is not ignorant. Moreover, great principles are involved in the struggle—the very principles of which Jonathan regards himself as the peculiar exemplar, the first to embrace. But until recently he saw merit on neither side, was blind to

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the principles. To him, they were merely belligerents, disturbing the peace—and interfering with his proceeds. When the fight began Jonathan called to his children to keep away from it—it was none of their affair. The neighbors were a bad lot, but if one of them, mark you, if one of them molested any of his, or destroyed any of his property—he would write a sharp note and demand a disavowal!

A broad ditch separates Jonathan from the community proper, which nestles near the rim of the horizon. It looked very small indeed—small and insignificant, from where Jonathan took his accustomed view, in the cool of the evening, when the lines blurred and fadded in the setting sun. He made mental note of his wide, fruitful acres, his bulging barns, his acquisitions, his power, and what not, and smiled the smile of self-satisfaction.

As he gazed over the darkening landscape, to the black vomit and anarchy of war, he quietly reckoned up his hoard —the tribute exacted from the battlefield, from the blood of the world's sterling manhood. It was enough to make war righteous—this glittering, ever-increasing tribute! How long would it last? Ah, but there was the after-war demand, and the price—the price would be the same!

Jonathan, as America, thought only of Jonathan, and of his neighbors as progressive profit units, to whom he could read an occasional lesson on the ideals of national life. But all that is changed now. Jonathan has at last seen his duty, and has rolled up his sleeves. He will strike—and strike hard. But, oh, Jonathan, if only you had struck a year ago!

The great European conflict is a contest of principles, though America viewed it until recently as merely a question of economics. It is a contest that goes to the root of national existence, that concerns liberty, justice, the rights of humanity, even civilization itself; it is a war between *our* principles and their opposite—but we have in the past been able to see nothing more than simply a bale of goods. How does the war affect American trade? How much can we make out of the exhausted nations after the war is over? are the questions that have occupied us, shaped our policy, and inspired our

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utterances. For the west we have preached and practised peace—peace and friendship with the world, even with the Power we knew was an active enemy, that we knew was plotting against us, that we know to be our historic enemy, that had declared itself an outlaw by its enormities, that in the past two years had again and again challenged us to the sword by its deeds against our people, our property, and our honor.

"We do not want, at the end of the War, to be alone in the world, without a single friendly nation; therefore, we desire friendly relations with all!"

This we declared in Congress and out of it, even after the German plot had been made public—though we knew that Germany was an enemy to mankind and made peace in the world impossible until Prussianism had been conquered. We desired the friendship of the nations, but we preferred to wheedle it from Germany by a supine submission, to deserving it by a course that would ensure it among the honorable Powers. "Under no circumstances would we force the issue." President Wilson was careful to avoid "any act which could be construed as an *offence* or *affront* to Germany during the diplomatic break"—though our Ambassador in Berlin was held there an entire week after diplomatic relations were severed, was unable even to communicate with his government until he had left Germany, and was not only refused safe conduct, but was even warned by a friend in Germany that his life would be in danger in the war zone. The President could have sent a battleship to convoy our Ambassador home—but that might have been construed by Germany as an *offence* or *affront*.

Mr. Wilson should have protested the indignity to the wives of our consuls in Germany when they were stripped and acid applied to their skins to ascertain if they had any secret writing on them—but Germany's feelings were more important. We might be offended and affronted, even outraged, and our Government treated with contempt, to help glut the spleen of a dissappointed and unscrupulous and suspicious Power—but we must do nothing to offend or

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affront it! We must retain our *friendly relations* with Germany—if it were the only friend we had. But if we *must* break the last bond that still united us, it must be done by Germany—*not by us*. The publication of the outline of the German plot served to inject a little stiffening in our spine—here and there; but it was the Pacifreaks who instantly became active. To them, the plot was like a cold bath in the winter time, a real bracer—and they would have no war with Germany, not even if half of our continent were to become a Japanese colony and the other half a German. In Congress it was urged that "Our *interest* counsels that we should remain at peace, that *we should forego our rights to navigate the high seas embraced in the war zone* declared by Great Britain and by Germany, rather than to wage war to enforce such rights!" Several members pleaded that we should not go to war *under any condition!"*

We had played croquet with the "overt act" and the "next step" until we could give the world lessons in the gentle art of dodging the issue. To arm our vessels or not to arm them, held the stage for a time, and patriotism somehow won by a neck. But we were not to fire the first shot. We were to be sunk first. Proof before action—that was the prescription, and we were told that Washington was observed to breathe more freely upon this decision. Then dawned a light. To fire at a German submarine while our vessel was shooting through ocean's depths to the bottom, would not, it was recognized, produce the most satisfactory results, to say nothing of the loss of the vessel with all on board. If we should keep this up to the end, the end would not be far off—and then! It must have cost an effort, but patriotism and chivalry won again. Our gunners must fire first—*fire to kill!* And we are a peace-loving people, too. We announced our decision to the Powers—we were to fire the instant we saw a periscope, and we would free the seas of the ruthless submarine. But whether we went to war or not was for Germany to say. The act of actual war was Germany's move—not ours. This was followed by a perceptible sobriety at the seat of the Government. It was reported that

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the majority of officials were fearful that a direct issue that must culminate in war would be reached as soon as the American lines resumed their sailings.

President Wilson may ascend to Pisgah heights when he delivers his homilies, his philosophy of the peace that "comes with healing on its wings," his lectures to the warring nations on how to live in harmony and justice to all—with the ever-present example of America before them; but the truth will sometimes out, despite the gloss, the lure of the studied phrase that gives the appearance of substance to the theme. In his note of December 18 President Wilson made it known to the belligerents that our concern for an early conclusion of the War "arises out of a manifest necessity to determine how best to safeguard those (American) interests if the conflict is to continue." We would hold aloft a torch to lighten the path of mankind to peace and righteousness—but as for ourselves our interest is in material things—our trade. If the War should end now, or be brought to an early conclusion, Germany and Militarism would be the victors; Prussianism would go unpunished and unchastened for its crimes and atrocities; the sacrifices for a permanent peace, liberty, and justice would have been in vain; there would neither be peace nor righteousness for the world; and the last condition of the smaller and weaker nations—for whom Mr. Wilson has professed such solicitude—would be worse than the first.

The achievement of American Independence inspired the world that pinned its faith to human progress. It saw a better prospect rise before it. But even Independence did not speak for the spirit of a united people; nor was Independence itself any more the moving of the spirit for the rights of man, than of the desire to shake off an oppressive monarchical yoke. There were idealists then, who uttered the spirit of freedom and thought beyond the American shore, as there are idealists to-day, who utter the words with the spirit omitted. The vision and the battle were to the few; the rest were occupied with the profits, and shouted the

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loudest for liberty and patriotism. When Independence was accomplished, America was isolated in spirit from the outside world, as it is today. America was for Americans, but not in the national sense; we proclaimed liberty and human rights, but they were for the individual, as he construed them. The government of the newly created nation was only negligibly of public interest, while the interests of the individual, as he chose to see them, were the things of first and last importance. The nation, in the sense of a united people, with national ideals and working toward common ends for the good of all, was an idea that sometimes floated in and then floated out of the mind, a campaign asset on which only the candidate realized. America meant greatness in its deed of Independence; its political institutions were the hope of the world; we were a power in the making, to which no bounds were to be assigned—but few could be found who would sacrifice a single selfish interest in behalf of the nation, of the America that so filled the Chauvinist soul. We still think and speak as we did in our national infancy; America still fills our horizon—the America we can see from our door-step. We think, or think we think, of the United States when we work our lips and they utter the language of patriotism, but it is merely the noise of a habit that we mistake for a spirit. The United States is reduced to the personal equation, and the personal equation is *me* and *mine*.

The Pacifreaks of today, like the Copperheads of a former day, would annul the Declaration of Independence and revert to political subjection—for the sake of peace! They would hand the country over to the first invader, if he would only permit them their own ease and possessions. But it is not the Pacifreaks that are to blame. It is our national attitude that should be at the bar. The Pacifreaks would not have been possible if our patriotism had been alive, if our outlook had been national, in place of being individualistic and provincial. We may uplift our eyes at Senators Stone and LaFollette, but they are corollaries. If patriotism had had even a working majority, and morality

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a chance, character and fitness for popular, patriotic service, would have ruled long ago in public life. We cannot blame our public men, who are our own reflection. They would not be in public life if they were not. If Senator LaFollette filibusters to defeat a measure designed to meet a grave national crisis, the initiative is with the people, not with LaFollette. Senator Stone obstructs and maneuvers against the acceptance of the diabolic German plot, charges that it was given out by the Government to affect public opinion, suggests collusion, would question and cross-question the President on where and how he got the story, like a common prisoner in a police court, and as much as charges him with trickery—to aid the Allies! Senator Stone could not have carried an insult to greater lengths—an insult to the President, to the United States Government, and to the American people. But neither Stone nor LaFollette would be in public life if they had not been elected, and they would not have dared to venture as they did, were they not assured that they could venture safely, that what public sentiment there might be against them, would blow itself off in a day or two.

America's attitude would never have been other than it is, had there not come a new America—new in spirit; an America that knows and accepts its responsibilities, that has grown beyond its provincialism.

Germany is an outlaw, and we have so declared it, and so acted. Germany is an enemy to all mankind, that would impose its might and its despotism upon the world, and plots and intrigues the destruction of the nations that refuse to submit supinely to its will. Germany is the antithesis of Democracy, the antithesis of everything that means freedom and right. The Prussian Power has no place in the society of nations, it has no place in modern civilization, it is a pariah by its own deeds; and the responsibility is ours, not one degree less than it is that of the Allies, to put down the common enemy. True Democracy is a thing of humanity and not of machinery, a vital force with a world outlook.

America has redeemed herself.

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BUSY BERTHA

SIGMUND HENSCHEN

WHEN the monster guns from the Krupp works rumbled through Belgium and tore up fortresses, the German soldiers called the shells "Busy Berthas." On the registry of the German court, however, the Mistress of Essen is down as Frau Dr. Bertha Krupp-von Bohlen. She is one of the few women in the world today who is making money out of blood. Guns, armor-plate, shells, creators of death and misery—these are the commodities in which she deals. Not because Busy Bertha likes to see misery in the world, but because the huge Krupp plant was handed down to her by her father. If, however, you told her she was making money out of blood, she would deny this.

Bertha Krupp personally, day by day, supervises the work of the Krupp plant. She is the Mistress of Essen—the provider of the huge guns that are roaring on Germany's battle fronts. Her thoughts are in tons of steel. Her ambition is to turn out guns that will blow to pieces the strongest fortresses that engineers can devise; to develop the power of a gun so that it will kill more people than a gun made by some other nation. Strange occupation for a woman? Yes. But she plays the piano beautifully, too.

Bertha Krupp's father made a fortune for her. She made a second fortune, while Europe prepared for war. She will have made a third—or lost everything—before peace comes. Guns, armor-plate, shells, they bring in the money. And it's much better business when guns are fired and wear out; then governments have to buy new guns. Bertha Krupp thrives on war. Germany has forgotten today the Krupp scandal of peace time, involving two officers of the General Staff. *Patriotism? Among the artillery captured by the Germans, in one of the Russian fortresses of the Polish triangle, were six Japanese howitzers of the lastest type and made by Krupp.* They had been in action against the Germans. They had killed Germans. Bertha Krupp is German; but she knows the business of armament well.

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She knows "paternalism," too. The German Socialists hate Essen. It is one of those "model cities" for workmen. It provides neat, serviceable little houses, this to curtail any demand for higher wages. Essen is one of those models of "paternalism," one of those Imperial bribes under the system inaugurated by Bismarck, that has for its foundation "Fill the belly of the people. Give them a soft bed. Then they won't want too much money. They won't think too much." *It would be bad business for Bertha Krupp if the German people thought too much.*

Bertha Krupp is a very strong-willed woman. The Kaiser had a "nice husband" picked out for her. He wanted Bertha Krupp to marry into the German nobility, but Bertha Krupp was not going to be used for any purpose of Imperial domestic politics. So she went flatly against the wishes of the Emperor and married an obscure young diplomat, Dr. von Bohlen. Whereupon the Kaiser insisted that, because of this marriage, she should not bury the great Krupp name. The Kaiser declared she was Frau Dr. Krupp-von Bohlen. So a "hypenate" Krupp-von Bohlen, she became.

Busy Bertha has had many quarrels with the Kaiser. She has tread none too softly on the Imperial toes. Once, invited to dinner at the Schloss in Berlin, she greatly disturbed the Emperor in the presence of his guests. The Kaiser, who is immensely fond of caviar, was enjoying it hugely. He noticed that Bertha Krupp disdained the caviar served her. "Eat it," he said in his impetuous way, "it is good."

Bertha Krupp turned up her nose. "I don't see how anybody can eat that stuff," she declared. The guests were shocked.

Bertha Krupp is always positive; she always has her own way—which is dangerous unless one has real ability. But she *has* real ability. It is a sore point with her that some officers in the German ordnance department consider the big guns turned out by the Skoda works in Austria superior to hers. Just before the War the Skoda plant com-

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pleted its triumph—the 30.5 c.m. howitzers drawn by traction engines.

"See," the objectors claimed, "Skoda is better than Krupp."

"Wait," said Bertha Krupp. "These Skoda guns, while the biggest movable guns in the world today, are not big enough." And she produced for Germany the famous 42 c.m. howitzers, whose shells were nicknamed "Busy Berthas.'

After the Balkan war, the world was divided on the merits of the Krupp guns. Then, the Turks equipped with Krupp cannon were routed by the Balkan states using French artillery. The story went around the world and Krupp prestige was hit a heavy blow. There were even many skeptics of Krupp in Germany, until the Kaiser's anniversary —a pre-War celebration at Essen. Two thousand Essen engineers and department chiefs glorified the Imperial birthday. Bertha Krupp, who had set the stage, got up in the presence of the Emperor and said:

"Much has been written and talked of late about the inefficiency of Krupp guns and Krupp workmanship. Is there anyone among you who believes those fables? Is there a man here who would not be ready, like myself, to take the field against all comers, with Krupp guns and Krupp armor? *I know you all think as I do, that each of us has the utmost confidence in these things which are our very selves.*" Bertha Krupp knew what she was talking about—"these things which are our very selves"—guns, shells, blood. A stunned world knew, too, when her guns began to roar.

Bertha Krupp is no figurehead at Essen, but the boss. She signs a payroll that totals twenty-five million dollars a year. Under one roof alone she has 235 acres. Nearby she has three gun-ranges fifteen miles long, where she personally watches the results produced in action by each new type of gun. Her business is enormous. At Essen in peace time she employs 39,000 men; today the number is known only to the General Staff. She owns coal mines in the Rhineland and

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Silesia, where 10,000 miners are paid by her. She has blast furnaces at Rhinehausen, Dursberg, Neuvia, and Engers, where she keeps 15,000 more men busy. She owns iron mines in Spain and employs 5,000 men there to produce ores for Essen. In peace time the ores go in Krupp steamers. They are landed in Rotterdam on Krupp docks. They are transported down the Rhine in Krupp barges. They enter the huge factories of Essen. They emerge as murderous guns and murderous shells. And Bertha's dividends grow every year.

She has supplied fifty-two different governments with guns. Outside of Germany she has sold thirty thousand cannon. From this business of armament she makes five and a half million dollars a year. Her fortune is seventy-five million dollars. The only person in Germany who has as big an income as Bertha Krupp is the Kaiser. And her power is enormous.

Bertha Krupp looks efficient. She has an exceptionally long, thoughtful face, steady penetrating eyes—eyes that have a way of peering into everything going on in the Essen plant, as the workmen can tell you. Her father taught her the rudiments of steel when she was a young girl. She is following his example today by taking her six-year-old son into the Krupp works at least once a week. The heir to the Krupp millions divides his time between the nursery and the rumbling birth pains of big guns.

Every morning Busy Bertha is in her office at nine. She devotes the entire forenoon to conferences with subordinate directors and department chiefs. She works close to her husband, who is at the Krupp plant the day long. She is present at every meeting of her board of directors. She is seldom outvoted, and has been known, with the flash of genius, to suggest ideas of vast importance. *The Essen side of her is as cold as the steel of one of her monster guns.*

At home she is quite different. It has been said of the modern young German woman that she can speak French, English and Italian, play the piano beautifully and—that lets her out. Bertha Krupp can do all of these things. But in her

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home life she is no mere butterfly. Nor does she care much about woman's part in world affairs—this probably because she is so absorbed in the monstrous Essen plant. The kindergarten lessons of her son interest her far more than do votes for women, or woman's economic independence—a perfectly natural thing, having as she has, ample publicity and five and one-half millions a year. The latest efforts of the Paris dressmakers are said not to interest her; and she looks it. She likes to go horseback riding. Also, it is characteristic of her piano playing that she has force enough to play Chopin properly, something that most women and indeed men are incapable of doing.

She hates posing. She does not care what that stiff formality, which Berlin calls society, thinks. With her money she could build palaces, yet she chooses to live in an old, spacious, comfortable house, the Villa Hugel — which pleases her, but possibly not some of her friends who love the ostentatious. Luxury and splurge are not in Bertha Krupp's life. Rarely, even during the Court season, do Bertha Krupp and her husband come to Berlin. When they do visit the Capital, it is to live unostentatiously in a hotel. Castles are open to them; but castles bore both Bertha and her husband. Thousands of German middle-class families live far more pretentiously than Bertha Krupp. Her one extravagance is yachting. Her schooner *Germania* has long been a rival of the Kaiser's yacht at Kiel Regatta.

But the most of Busy Bertha's time is devoted to the Krupp works, to her three children, and to the condition of her work people. In this she is undeniably clever. Always she is thinking up some philanthropic festivity. She knows the wisdom of securing the good-will of those who work for her, and in the Krupp shops and mines she has it. Every year her father's birthday is celebrated. Never would she miss the occasion. On it she bestows money and golden mementos on all Krupp employees who have completed twenty-five years of service. Then quite shrewdly she insists upon shaking hands with every horny-fisted work-

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man—from which, of course, she gets reward but no pleasure.

During the War she has frequently been present at the Imperial councils. The importance of the woman cannot be overestimated. When the Germans planned their drive against Russia in 1915, a big part of the problem depended on Bertha Krupp. "Can the work in your factory be speeded up?" she was asked.

"No, it is running full capacity now."

"By the first of May, we must have five hundred guns from you. Is this possible?"

Bertha Krupp made some further calculations and told them it was.

As you cross the dreary plains of west Prussia on the way to Holland, a forest of chimneys and smoke stacks make the landscape still more ugly. And all through the night, the sky is flared with red. There, in the valley of the Ruhr, the smoke is thickest, the crash of the steel mills loudest—for there is Essen. It may be eight o'clock, ten o'clock, morning or night. If something important is going on, Bertha Krupp is always to be found in her office, receiving reports from her department chiefs. The cannon Queen never takes her hand off the work of the gigantic factory. Guns, shells, armor-plates, the crash of the mills, the crash of the cannon, belching death—that is her life.

She is worth seventy-five million dollars. By the end of the War her fortune ought to be over a hundred million. A hundred million dollars, a million graves, thousands of homes that exist no more, thousands of women gone—God knows where—millions of mourners, nations staggering under fearful debts. And the Krupp mills grind on, and the Krupp profits swell. One cannot think of Bertha Krupp without thinking of that.

Bertha Krupp's hands are quite long and quite white. But as one looks at her, one seems to see millions of other hands reaching out, supplicating. One seems to hear voices: "Give us back our men . . ."

The mills of Essen rumble on.

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AMERICA STRIKES

H. THOMPSON RICH

THE United States has once again been compelled to set itself the task and the sacrifice of war—that the sacred precepts upon which our nation was founded, and to which it owes its large measure of material and spiritual development, shall be kept inviolate.

Those precepts are the precepts of Democracy, and the foes of Democracy are our foes. Humanity and right are on the side of the Entente, and we there take our belated stand.

It has been a difficult decision to reach, for it has involved the abandonment of our hereditary policy of political isolation. Through almost one hundred and fifty years of unparalleled economic change and growth, with an ever closer weaving of international relations, we have held doggedly to that provincial doctrine, perfect in its time but long outworn and obsolete. The Rubicon has at last been crossed, however, and we have by a single momentous act become citizens of the world; have finally joined hands with our comrades across the seas, comrades in ideals and aspirations, for what is the beginning of a commonwealth of nations which shall make future warfare impossible.

We became Independent under Washington. Under Jefferson we became Continental. Under Lincoln we became United. Under Wilson we have become Cosmopolitan. Steadily we have progressed upward and outward, as the world has expanded. The idea that we should remain indefinitely huddled within our own frontiers was untenable even by the most conservative students of history. The change was bound to come. It was predetermined. The only phase which gave any of us concern was that it had seemed more remote. But suddenness is characteristic of nearly all great changes. It has occurred cataclysmically, and we find ourselves involved in a war outside our own province, with strange alliances looming up and uncharted ways before us. What are we going to do?

It is not a time for fear, but for faith. Those of us

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who are leaders will take the lead. The rest of us can serve the flag no better than to follow. "The United States has answered 'present' at the roll-call of the peoples who love liberty and are willing to defend humanity and civilization against force and terror." Let that mighty "present" swell on until it is in some active way the voice of every one of us!

Time and again we have declared ourselves foes of the oppressor, proclaiming that the fundamental principles of freedom and justice underlay our Democratic form of government—until the oppressed peoples of all the earth came to look upon us as their champion and friend, making our code their motto and our land their haven. To them, now, in this hour, if not to ourselves and to civilization at large, we owe it to vindicate this faith, to test if these principles are indeed fundamental.

The issue is clear-cut and sharp. With tardy vision we see it. Out of the stress and fury of three years of vicious combat, the clarion note has at length sounded; out of the forge of wrath has come the gleaming, precious metal. The barrage-fire has lifted, and we now behold for the first time the battlefield in its grim entirety. What these millions of men have been and are fighting for and dying for is no longer vague and clouded; it is suddenly vivid, disentangled —a raw, nude issue. They are fighting *for* Democracy; *against* Autocracy.

THE DOOM OF AUTOCRACY

The last half-century has seen rise in Central Europe the most unliberal and overbearing Autocracy the world has ever known. Conceived in oppression and dedicated to the proposition that the common people were created servile to militaristic caste and hereditary kings, it has flourished and spread like a cancerous growth upon the peaceable face of the world. Now it has grown rabid and rank. It has waged war not upon one nation or one creed, but upon mankind—and mankind, in terrible determination, has risen to stamp it out.

"The menace to peace and freedom lies in the existence

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of autocratic governments backed by organized force and controlled wholly by their will and not by the will of the people." President Wilson, in his masterful address to the 65th Congress assembled in extraordinary session, April 2nd, 1917, stated that issue as we have come to see it. And, the issue being ours; our rights and liberties as individuals and as a nation having been wantonly interfered with and curtailed to a point where further forbearance was impossible; our honor and our integrity having been vilely affronted; the very existence of our most sacred doctrines having been threatened; having every reason to be at an end of peaceful relations with the Imperial German government, we were forced to the inevitable alternative of arms.

We were slow to take this stand. We were loath to enter the conflict until we were convinced that it was no sordid scrimmage for power, but an unselfish struggle for the great principles which underlay human life and interrelationship.

We have entered at the right moment. Had we a year ago taken our present stand we would have taken it in a half-hearted fashion, scarcely knowing for what we fought. By our lengthy forbearance, by our extreme patience, we have found a great ideal for which to fight—and, if need be, for which to die. It is fine for individuals to know that they have a great cause; it is splendid for a nation to be possessed of lofty principles and high ideals.

But do not let us enter this War *blinded* by idealism. Let us realize that the principles for which we bleed are the noblest principles for which blood can flow; let us, moreover, be well aware that our enemy is the most savage and barbarous adversary of modern times. Let there be no halting measures. Let us go in "up to the hilt"—for the sake of the sacred trust which humanity has laid upon us and our brave Allies. Let our entrance be a guarantee that no cessation of hostilities shall occur, nor any separate peace be made, until this sacred trust has been achieved. Let us wield the sword mightily, which was drawn so sternly and after such ponderous deliberation. Let it not be laid aside lightly. Civili-

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zation is indeed "in the balance," and to America has been given the might to outweigh the powers of savagery and oppression.

Let it be a war where hate shall hide its face. Let us fight as men fight who honor women and children and obey laws. That Teuton horde which swarmed out of their castled towers and mediaeval towns into Belgium, drunk with impossible dreams of conquest and lusting blood, have left a record which cannot be matched in kind. It is enough that history will punish them with the unregretable truth. We need only drive them back, batter out their dreams, level all their proud hopes in dust.

THE BIRTH OF WORLD DEMOCRACY

The world is being transformed, recreated. We are beholding the birth, with the pangs of travail, of a new order of things. It is the end of tyranny and oppression and hate; it is the beginning of liberty and freedom and love. The great War itself is the major manifestation of this miracle. Russia's bold seizure of independence and the downfall of the Romanoffs is but a sidelight, though a momentous one. And should Germany rise up and rid herself of the Hohenzollerns, great as that event would be in world annals, yet it would only be one additional aspect of the awful drama now being staged for freedom.

It is good that America should have seen and interpreted the surge of events; it is well that we are going to contribute to this great effort; but that, too, is only a minor incident alongside of the forces which are at work. *America's effort will contribute largely to the successful direction towards Democracy of those forces called into being by this Titanic tournament of bloodshed;* the result will bring us a larger freedom and a nobler republic. But we must realize that we are not altogether imperative to the success of the cause with which we have allied ourselves—and that even the victory of that cause is not the great victory. One of the results of this War will be the destruction of Prussianism; but even that is a small matter compared with the great victory. *When*

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the last gun has been fired, and the last hero has laid down his life—a new idea will have been born. That idea is WORLD DEMOCRACY.

With that as a working basis, the governments over all the earth will eventually become welded and united by a common tie. They will no longer have individual animosities unamenable to tribunal. For *the voice of the people will speak, and the voice of the people is for equity.*

Already, significant results have been achieved. England has become Democratic in truth, as she has long been in spirit. France has reformed her Republicanism. Italy has at last been welded firmly together as a nation. Russia has thrown off the yoke of a needless and oppressive Autocracy. From Germany and Austria and Turkey come murmurs of restlessness and revolt. The principles of Autocracy are everywhere being judged with those of Democracy, and are being found wanting.

We are living in an age of one of the greatest political and social upheavals in history—a condition comparable in many ways to the glacial epochs which aeons ago rocked the earth and altered it to its very foundations. Yesterday saw the culmination of civilization under the old conditions. Today sees civilization brutally shaken and torn. Tomorrow will see a new and better civilization emerge from the ruin, based upon wiser and more wholesome conditions.

"The world must be made safe for Democracy." Another lofty challenge rings from the President's Address. We are fighting to eradicate the menace to free government that exists in Autocracy. We are fighting for a Democracy that shall thrive out in the open, that shall not need to cringe behind huge military and naval armaments. We are fighting for the universal right to unhampered and unmolested liberty. Such a Democracy we believe in, and to which we can consecrate our lives.

We are *not* fighting for the abstract principle of Democracy as opposed to Autocracy. The preëminence of that principle has long since been established, the majority of the world's men of learning having for centuries conceded that

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the most equitable government is one where the people's voice in their own affairs is preponderant. Democracy needs no longer to be defended *as a principle*. But *as a form of government* it has yet to fight stoutly for survival.

This War, however, is not a government's war; it was precipitated by a Government that did not in any fair way represent the people. Indeed, that Government would gladly conclude arrangements for peace at the present moment—but cannot. The power has been taken from its hands and rests where it should rest, with the manhood and womanhood concerned. Peace now can only be concluded by an Allied victory or by a Teuton revolution. In either instance, the will of the people would have been done.

Similarly, this War is not a "war of victory," in the true sense of the words. Wilson saw far into the future when he uttered that temporarily unfortunate phrase. He saw that, should hostilities terminate in advantageous peace for one side or the other, the true and great opportunity of the conflict would have been lost. What he meant was that the people of one nation were not to profit by the discomfiture of the people of another nation; that those who waged the War should suffer, not those who were its victims; that all nations and all peoples should profit equally by the death of a pernicious precept—Autocracy. In that sense, a war without victory (except of the spirit) is the only war into which it is conceivable that we or any other civilized nation could now enter.

THE PEACE OF THE FUTURE

The great issue of this War has been clear to us for so short a time that we can well remember only a few months back, wondering when it would be over, and what of value would have been gained by it. In truth, the outlook seemed dark. Manhood and munitions were being expended in a fashion so unprecedented and prodigious as almost to stagger thought, yet no tangible or lasting good seemed likely to accrue.

In that dark time, there were those among us to whom

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it appeared as though the very fabric of civilization were crumbling, that this awful combat was but the first of a series of increasingly devistating wars, so bitter and so costly that humanity would not be able to endure them—that the intricate internal structure of individuals and nations would weaken and degenerate; that the scourge would press steadily westward until some later Gibbon, meditating on the slopes overlooking the Pacific, whence man in his fiery march had pressed to his uttermost limits, would write *The Decline and Fall of the World.*

A ghastly fear—but happily unfounded. For this is the last great war. This issue of Democracy, once settled in the courts of blood, never can rise again. There will be wars, of course, between nations, just as there will be quarrels between individuals; but they will be more of the nature of brawls, entered into by the smaller and less civilized peoples of the earth, and the great international police of a close-knit civilization will quickly quell them.

This is the war for peace. These dead have died that the world may be a better living-place. It is a spirit of sacrifice unexampled, for which mankind may well be proud; it is something that supersedes patriotism.

"Steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations." They are prophetic words, and it is our duty to help achieve that partnership for which the President so eloquently speaks. Such a partnership can be achieved only by sending Autocracy to its meritorious oblivion, along with the rest of mediævalism's trinkets and trappings. Then only will the people of all nations and of all languages have the power to elect their own representatives and abide their own justice.

The peace of the future is inestimably more important than anything which concerns this day. Vital as our own personal lives and ambitions are to us, they are as nothing compared with the right of our children to enjoy a larger liberty than we knew.

That is an ideal truly worthy of a great nation's entrance into war.

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THE COUNTRY CALLS

ROBERT M. WERNAER

ON the hallowed grounds of Harvard University,
Facing South,
The river way,
Stands a memorial gate
Through which I pass well nigh every day.
And on the entablature of this gate,
Cut into stone to last for ages,
Stands these words—
Great words, conceived by the blue of the heavens:
" Depart to Serve thy Country and thy Kind."
My brother, this is America's true Soul,
When her eagle's wings are spread.
The country calls!
Wherefore? What cause to serve?
Let it be ever so!
Let never the deed belie the word!
Let us go forth, to serve our country *and our kind!*
What is that noisy word called Patriotism,
Unless it sounds a noble cause?
What means the willingness to die,
Unless through death a noble victory is won?

Hear the bugle sound?
The feet treading the ground?
The shouts, the crack of the gun?
A battle is to be won!
The country calls!
But not alone for country do we fight;
There is the might
Of a common human right!
It is a call
For all!
For those at home
And those we left behind,
For country and for kind;
For those at home
And those abroad—
Be Thou our Light, my God!

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PEACE BY COERCION

H. M. CHITTENDEN, BRIG. GEN. U. S. ARMY (RET.).

THE writer of this article is in complete sympathy with the great purpose behind the recent propaganda for a League to Enforce Peace. But he is not over-confident that it could ever be put into successful operation. The "Program and Policies" of the League (just issued in pamphlet form) states that a consideration of working details at this time "would afford so many points for discussion and disagreement that attention could not be obtained for the main principles." And yet, as universal experience shows, it is upon the rock of details that projects are shipwrecked more than upon any or all others. No enterprise can be safely launched without thorough attention to this all-important matter.

The above citation naïvely recognizes the danger ahead, and this danger, moreover, is further emphasized by the findings of impartial critics who have attempted a detailed analysis of the problem. The writer believes it to be a duty to study the working details of the plan as closely as possible from the very outset; for such study may avoid the commission of serious mistakes and may avert grievous disappointment hereafter. For this reason he will here attempt, so far as the space of a magazine article will permit, to examine some of these details in their practical workings, and to state the reasons why they do not seem to support the theory of coercion which is the distinctive feature of the League's program.

I

Quite naturally, the organization of the League must be the matter first to be considered. The "Program" already cited, and public utterance by advocates of the plan, indicate that the League, as at present conceived by its promoters, is to be an alliance among as many States as are willing to join it; that its functions are to be limited to questions of dispute among its members, and the action to be taken there-

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on; that it is to serve notice upon members of the role each is to play in any contingency; after which, execution is to be left to the members themselves, acting independently. There is apparently to be a standing central committee, but its office is only that of determining the necessity of action and the serving of the necessary notice. It is uncertain whether the "Judicial Tribunal" and the "Council of Conciliation," referred to in the League platform, and a board or boards of arbitration, are to be adjuncts of the League itself, or whether they may be existing agencies like the Hague Court, or temporary agencies created to consider cases as they arise. No hint is given as to the organization or method of handling of the military force which may be required to execute the League's decrees. It is stated, however, that it is not proposed "to create an international army or an international executive."

At this point we encounter our first, if not most serious, difficulty. Effective action by several States acting independently cannot, in the nature of things, be expected. Each State, for example, would have to lay its own embargo upon trade with an offending member in carrying out the economic part of the program. Could the several States, jealous trade rivals of one another, be counted on to deny their citizens commercial privileges unless absolutely assured (which they could never be) that all the member States were taking the same course at the same time? And how would it be possible to secure effective military action with each State furnishing its own quota of men and materials and exercising independent command thereof. Moreover, can it be expected that division of sympathy among members of the League could be avoided in time of crisis? As with men, so with nations, it takes two to make a quarrel. It is scarcely conceivable that one side should be so wantonly wrong as to be entirely without friends. How would the League committee decide which of the quarreling States was the aggressor? By a majority vote? And in such vote would the two trouble-makers be admitted, or one or both of them be excluded?

The delays and probable misunderstandings inseparable

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from these initial proceedings clearly indicate that simultaneous, quick, and effective work could not be expected from any such agency. The "Program," already twice cited, says that some such organization is necessary in order to "exert its powers on rulers who clap a muzzle on the press and issue ultimatums that have only twenty-four or forty-eight hours to run." But this is the very thing which such an organization could not do. A war might be well on its way, perhaps entirely over, before a League so organized could get its cumbersome machinery into motion. If one has any doubt of this, let him try to figure out how it would have worked at the beginning of the present war.

There is a radical difference between an ordinary alliance of two or three States, and the proposed League alliance among many. In the first case the allies are closely united in interest, and their compact is generally for mutual aid in defense against outside aggression. In the other the alliance has nothing to do with non-members, but is rather an offensive alliance against such of its own members as may not conform to its rules. Manifestly no such bond of common interest can exist in a heterogeneous organization on so large a scale, as between two or three States brought together by the very fact of common interest. It is quite logical that the United States should reach some basis of co-operation with Great Britain for example, because that Empire is our closest neighbor at home, the most important State to us abroad, and her language and institutions are essentially the same as ours. But it is not conceivable that it will ever join a general League organized on the ineffectual basis outlined above. It will either remain out altogether or it will insist upon such modification of the whole scheme as fundamentally to alter its character.

II

To overcome or avoid the inherent defects of the proposed plan, as just pointed out, the whole proposition of coercion must be placed on a different basis. As a matter of fact, many of those who have only the friendliest feelings

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toward the League idea, recognize the futility of its policy of coercion. They realize that any form of International Police must stand upon its own feet and not be subject to interference by any State. It is no more possible to conceive of such a force without some independent organization behind it, superior to the individual States, than it is to conceive of any army in any real sense without a government behind it. In fact, by whatever avenue we approach the problem of the abolition of war by force, we invariably arrive at one conclusion—that some form of World State is the only agency which can accomplish the desired result.

It seems wholly disheartening, therefore, to feel constrained to declare that such a consummation is not a possibility of the near future. The reason is that nations are at heart opposed to it. The change would be too revolutionary for possible acceptance. It would strike at the most vital and distinctive attribute of the State—its sovereignty. This has always been one of the most difficult things to accomplish, even on a relatively small scale, and with every consideration of self-interest in its favor. Our own history furnishes an example. Today we scarcely realize the reluctance, dread, and suspicion with which our little original States gave up a part of their sovereignty to form the Union; and how, for two generations, until quenched in a mighty war, the claim of the right to assert this sovereignty persisted. The long process of merging the many German States into a single empire was hampered throughout by this same unwillingness to give up any portion of independence. How much stronger must be this feeling in States which are so much more unrelated, often of different race, language, religion, and systems of government, and perhaps estranged by historic prejudices and antagonisms!

The term " vital interests," which is a subject of more or less ridicule in pacifist circles, is full of significance in this connection. It is in those things which are not " justiciable," not capable of definition in international law, that will be found the final obstacle to the relinquishment of so much of State sovereignty as is necessary to form a World State.

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Examples abound in all countries, but we will illustrate by one from our own. It is one which will remain a permanent living issue because it goes to the very roots of our racial integrity. Our people will never voluntarily submit to unrestricted Oriental immigration. If an International State were to decree that we must let down the bars, the decree would not be acquiesced in except at the frightful cost of military subjugation.

We thus find that the very foundation upon which an international force for the maintenance of peace would have to rest is virtually non-existent. In deference, however, to a large section of public opinion, which honestly believes in the feasibility of the World-State idea, let us assume that such a State *has* actually been created; that it has its Executive, its Parliament, and its Court or similar tribunal; that it controls sufficient territory for the performance of its functions; that its financial needs are provided for; and that it has taken over the control of purely international affairs. We cannot see how anything short of this would enable it to maintain a truly effective police force. Each of these assumptions involves problems in detail of the most formidable character; but assuming that they have been successfully solved, let us try to visualize the working of an international police under such an hypothesis.

III

How would this force be created and maintained? Presumably it would be recruited from all nations; but even so, differences of language, customs, associations, would necessitate organizing the units by nationality. There would thus always be the danger of disloyalty in any contingent whose native land might be the subject of coercion, and this might easily extend to others in sympathy with it. The present war has shown us something of the strength of these influences.

How large would the force have to be, both on land and on water? A prominent advocate of the League to Enforce Peace recently said that the force which the States would

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have to contribute under the League plan should be "overwhelmingly stronger than the military and naval forces of any member of the League", and President Wilson said, in his address to the Senate, January 22, 1917, that it would be "absolutely necessary" to have a force "so much greater than the force of any nation involved, or of any alliance hitherto formed or projected, that no nation, no combination of nations, could face or withstand it." On the basis of this opinion, a high authority has estimated that it would require a land force of five million men, of which the United States would have to furnish at least one tenth. What the naval force would be we can only conjecture; but any figures which would satisfy either of the above estimates would be almost beyond comprehension. Consider well what this means. Is it not certain that the burden of armed peace would be greatly increased? Surely this must be the case unless a way is found to curtail very materially existing military and naval establishments. Whatever other nations may do, is it conceivable that the United States, with its traditional prejudice against a great military establishment, will ever commit itself to such an obligation?

Again passing over obvious difficulties of great magnitude, how would this International Police, once created, perform its allotted functions? So far as small States are concerned, the problem would be comparatively simple, but not at all so with the Great Powers. Suppose, for example, that France and Germany were to fall out and come to blows as suddenly and unexpectedly as in 1914? What would the Police do in that case? Could it count upon its German and French contingents? Hardly. As to the others, they would probably be so torn and distracted by conflicting sympathies as to make united action impossible. But if it *should* come to the point of action, far from preventing hostility between the two States, its own efforts would mean war pure and simple, and a vast extension rather than an extinction of the conflagration. *War to prevent war is not doing away with war.*

Impracticability in actual functioning is not the only ob-

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jection to this proposed use of force; there are equally powerful sentimental or psychological objections. *Coercion, or the threat of coercion, or even the possibility of it, is repugnant to any State. The American Union could never have been formed on that basis.* Even today, when our institutions have acquired great stability, and our Supreme Court commands universal confidence, does anyone believe that the Government would ever march its army upon a State to compel it to abide by the Court's decrees? Only when resistance amounts to armed rebellion, insurrection, or forcible defiance of national law, will the Government interfere with its armed forces to coerce a State or any large section of its people. These prejudices must inevitably be far stronger in the case of a World-Union because of the far greater dissimilarity of interest. Granting that other objections to such a Union could possibly be overcome, any suspicion at the outset that coercion might be applied whenever the central authority thought it necessary would prevent a single State from joining.

It is this scrutiny of details which compels the conclusion that coercion, whether economic or military, cannot be relied upon to maintain the peace of the world. This conclusion is not based upon any prejudice against the use of force when occasion demands. We have no superstition on that score any more than we have about the use of force by a policeman in executing a court's decrees. If the plan would work, we should heartily welcome it. But we believe that it cannot work; that the function of the policeman in ordinary life cannot be reproduced in the great family of nations. In strict technical language, it is not a "practical proposition." *Enduring peace can never rest upon the boycott or the bayonet.*

IV

Are we helpless, then? If we must depend upon force to maintain peace, the outlook is certainly not encouraging. But we are not so dependent. Our hope rests upon quite other agencies. Peace depends upon the execution of justice, rather than upon compulsion. If justice be done, occasion for coercion will not arise; if it be not done, coercion

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will only embitter and aggravate. We are liable to be too much influenced by outward symptoms, and to give too little attention to underlying causes. Reverse the situation; strike at the causes; eradicate *them* and the symptoms will disappear.

The first and greatest step in conformity with this rule will be a righteous settlement of the present war. It is an opportunity which transcends, in its possibilities of good, all others combined. Justice without revenge; an equitable adjustment of frontiers; consideration of the economic welfare and the legitimate national aspirations of States; eradication of a barbarous despotism in certain regions—how vast is the range of subjects whose treatment may make or mar the peace of the world! It is to this supremely important matter that the best thought of the world should be directed until the Congress which shall formulate the treaty of peace shall have closed its labors.

The restoration of peace should be followed by closer intercourse among the belligerent States than ever before. International conferences of all sorts, more equitable trade arrangements, standardization of values, exchange of professorships and scholarships, better acquaintance through travel, increasing resort to peaceful agencies for the adjustment of differences—everything of this sort tends to break down the bars of provincialism and to promote a better understanding among peoples.

There is a possible organization for the promotion of peace in which we have great faith—one which already has behind it the support of many of the ablest minds of the civilized world. This is an international tribunal—call it World Court or by whatever name—which shall hear and determine controversies among States. What we have in mind is not a court restricted to purely judicial functions, but one which may on occasion become an arbitral court or even a council of conciliation. In a word, it shall be a tribunal to which international controversies of whatever character *may* be submitted.

The word "may," just used, suggests what seems the

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most important feature of the proposed tribunal, though it is one which will seem a source of weakness to many. Appeal to it should be entirely voluntary, and there should be no thought of compulsion in the observance of its decrees. We believe that this voluntary character will prove to be its greatest source of strength. Its sanction will be the only true sanction for any international tribunal, the force of public opinion. Gradually, if its work be guided by good judgment, it will gain the confidence of peoples, and by increasing use will acquire an authority which governments will hesitate to ignore. If the present war has demonstrated one thing more than another it is the deference of governments to public opinion, and their almost feverish anxiety to explain away any violation of it which they thought that military necessity required them to commit. This authority is bound to increase until it becomes the controlling factor in international relations. It will be the officer who will hale offenders before the court and will enforce compliance with its decrees.

There is no complete precedent for the organization and functioning of such a court, for the conditions surrounding it will be, to a large extent, unprecedented. It should be, as we said, more than a judicial tribunal such as our Supreme Court. It should be so comprehensive in its scope, and so independent of local influences in its make-up, that States may bring any question before it with confidence that they will be treated fairly. We appreciate fully the difficulties of so organizing such a court that States may not be mistrustful of it; but they are not insuperable. By making recourse to it and observance of its decrees discretionary with any State, the initial steps would be greatly facilitated, for States would then not hesitate to make trial of it as they would if they felt that they might be bound in a way which they might afterward regret. If, then, in its early stages, the Court should be blessed with a personnel of high character, as our Supreme Court was blessed with a John Marshall, it would soon draw to itself an authority which no power of compulsion could ever give it.

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V

But how about the burden of armed peace? There is the rub! It is the most hopeless feature of the whole problem. The stupendous and ever-increasing magnitude of the burden, its continuing character, and the apparent impossibility of relief in any form, make it more to be dreaded than war itself. Wars are of short duration. They produce results, and rest and recuperation follow. But armed peace is a never-ceasing outlay, and without commensurate return; for, with the utmost that can be done, the relative strengths of States are changed but slightly, if at all. The impossible feature of the problem lies in the absence of any criterion as to the lengths to which States may go. Indeed, any such criterion seems impossible to arrive at. Fear, suspicion, and the imperative duty of self-defense, cause each State to meet every move of its competitiors, and, if possible, to surpass it. This is particularly true where States are close neighbors and relentless rivals, whether in trade or military efficiency. Unrestrained rivalry constantly sets new standards, and leads on from one excess to another, until there seems to be no end except in the capacity of genius to devise and of national wealth to construct. It is a sort of mathematical series with infinity as its limit. To no other subject is the ingenuity of the race so incessantly and intently applied. If it produced results it would be different; but it does not, for it leaves the nations relatively where they were before.

Is there, then, no possible remedy? To judge from the volume of careless utterances upon the subject, one would think that it is a very simple matter. But here again details upset generalities. No doubt, if nations could be assured beyond peradventure that their neighbors would make definite limitations in armament, they would most of them do the same. But there is no power in existence which can give them this assurance, and therefore each State feels that it must do what is necessary to offset the acts of its neighbors, or what it suspects those acts to be. It is a case where the one thing absolutely essential—mutual agreement—is the very thing which it seems impossible to attain. Imagine

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England and Germany trying to agree upon their respective naval programs! Germany and Russia, Germany and France, Austria and Italy on their land forces and frontier defences! And if such agreements could be reached on paper, there are so many ways of evading their spirit while conforming to their letter, that their very existence would be a fresh source of misunderstanding and friction.

These difficulties, moreover, have been greatly accentuated as a result of the present war. We now know, as we never suspected before, how far war preparation goes to the roots of a nation's industrial life. It might be possible to agree upon a limitation of naval vessels or of land forts, because compliance with such agreements could be determined without offensive inquisitorial process; but it would be very different in regard to munitions, supplies of all kinds, and the multitudinous details of modern military preparation. There is a liability, too, that any sharp limitation of naval vessels might bring in its train complications which one would scarcely think of beforehand. It would probably mean that the State having the greatest commercial fleet would have a decisive advantage in war by simply converting such vessels into an armed fleet. Doubtless their original construction would be so planned as to make this change easy of quick accomplishment. These and other similar considerations show how difficult the problem of disarmament by treaty must ever be. Just as Prussia was able to evade her agreement with Napoleon placing a limit on her military force, while outwardly living up to its letter, so it could never be known how far a State might be loyal to the spirit of a treaty of disarmament, or how far it might be clandestinely violating that spirit while strictly conforming to the letter.

Frankly, the problem presents to us no suggestion of a possible solution except through the people themselves of the several States who, by mutual understandings, shall place some restraint upon their governments by the witholding of funds. Naturally this presupposes a greater democratization than at present of European States; greater influence of the people in legislation; and, to a large degree, the removal

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of acute causes of misunderstanding. The present war ought greatly to advance these several conditions. It will undoubtedly promote democracy and internationalism. Peoples will increasingly realize the necessity of better understanding and more thorough cöoperation. The influence of such organizations as the Inter-Parliamentary Union, and particularly of international labor unions, ought to lead to a better conception of the duties of peoples to their respective governments. Approached in this way, without outside compulsion or interference, yet with tacit mutual understandings, the popular will in the various States may yet set some limits to these well-nigh intolerable burdens. We believe that this will prove to be the line of least resistance, and will be surer of accomplishing something worth while than a policy of coercion ever can.

VI

Finally, what of the United States? Speculate as we may upon the future, we have now to grapple with the practical, pressing, present problem of waging successful war upon Germany's militaristic ambitions. Even when the great conflict is over, however, and that end has been achieved, we shall not, in any likelihood, join a league to *enforce* peace, whatever other alliances we may form. There are better ways in which our influence may then be exercised. The first of these is, of course, to deal justly and openly with all peoples, and thus remove causes of discord and set a proper example. We shall aid in all practical ways the promotion of international acquaintance and good relations, and we shall assist in the creation and maintenance of voluntary tribunals for the settlement of disputes, and particularly of a permanent World Court. Lastly, but not least important, we shall recognize the possibility of misunderstandings, in spite of all our efforts to the contrary, and we shall hold ourselves in readiness to repel aggression and to enforce our just rights in every clime. It is to this last matter that we wish to devote a final word.

The duty of preparedness is fundamental. Our brief

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reference to it here has no relation to the present hour, except as that crisis shows how utterly mistaken our pacifist friends have been in their strenuous arguments that we need no preparation because there is no real danger of war. The unescapable truth, on the other hand, is that the duty of preparation remains, now that we are actually engaged, what it has ever been—what it was when Shakespeare (Henry V) said:

> "For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
> Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
> But that defences, musters, preparations,
> Should be maintained, assembled and collected,
> As were a war in expectation."

We shall enter into no discussion of details, for these are already in the hands of our experts. We shall merely touch upon a few underlying principles. Our situation requires that we lend first and fullest coöperation with our Allies upon the water. We must, of course, embrace, both on land and water, the development of our resources in munitions and supplies of every kind, and a thorough mastery of the problems of transportation. We should place the organization of our land forces upon a strictly national basis and do away with the fatal weakness of our present dependence upon State organizations. Finally, we should embrace that measure against which there has hitherto been so much prejudice—universal training and compulsory service. If it be conceded, as it must be, that the State has a claim upon its citizenry for aid in time of peril, it is surely neither undemocratic nor unjust to now enforce that claim equally and impartially. Is not such enforcement rather of the very essence of democracy? And does not justice to the whole body of citizens require that no one, duly qualified, may of his own will be allowed to shirk his part of the common burden? Our people will have made a great advance in their conception of duty to their country when they overcome these traditional prejudices and recognize both the injustice and the peril of the present discredited system. A rational and

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adequate system does not mean militarism any more than does one which is irrational and inadequate; but it *does* mean, in far greater degree, the dignity, influence, and safety of the nation. Whatever may be the outcome of our entrance into the World War in other respects, it will have signally failed in this, if it does not compel our Government to rise above petty local influences and adopt a truly national policy of preparedness.

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TWO YEARS OF PRISON REFORM

HENRY LEVERAGE

SING SING, perhaps the best known prison of this or any other country, was in existence prior to the year 1825, but at that time the State of New York decided to build the most up-to-date prison in the country to take care of an increasing criminal population, and work was started on the cell block as it stands at the present day; the stone from the quarry back of the river site being hewn out and placed in position by inmates until they had erected 1,200 cells, in much the same manner as a bee-hive is constructed; the cells being placed back to back, each containing 165 cubic feet of space and each ventilated by a three inch opening in the stone that led "somewhere" upwards.

On the outside of this chambered pile, six tiers in height, stone was laid up into a building with a roof and grated windows, each window containing a cross of iron, and this structure with but few changes constitutes the habitation and the home for an average of 1,400 inmates today; necessitating doubling up in crowded periods when some of the cells are occupied by two men.

Efforts have been made by almost every administration since the year 1845 to provide a new prison to take the place of Sing Sing. Plans have been drawn and accepted and in a number of instances work was actually started at other sites, but they all have led to nothing and in the year 1914, the State of New York had expended $594,999 on visionary plans to replace Sing Sing without results, and the great prison by the Hudson stands practically as it stood in 1825.

There being, from past experiences, no prospect for improving the situation at Sing Sing from a material standpoint, efforts were made in 1914 to improve the moral and ethical conditions of the inmates, and although some progress was made in this direction by Warden McCormick, it remained for Warden Thomas Mott Osborne, who succeeded Warden McCormick, to effect the changes which of late have

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been so revolutionary in the affairs of things penal, and at the same time have produced results which have attracted the attention of the entire world and bid fair to revolutionize the treatment of convicted men in this country.

Prior to the advent of Warden Osborne, Sing Sing was a dyed-in-the-wool old system penitentiary, with all the paraphernalia of punishment that went to break the spirit of the convicted man. Contract labor had flourished, and after contract labor had come the brooding silence of the cells. A long line of wardens had followed each other like rulers of a dark age and little or no attention was paid to the work at hand, save to prison graft and keeping the fear of the "coolers" and the man-made tortures in the hearts of the inmates, and the great prison was run in the only way that these wardens knew or cared to know, and that was by fear and suppression.

Prior to 1913, the prisoners were locked in their cells at 3 P. M. and remained there until breakfast the following morning, or in the case of a Saturday being followed by a holiday on a Monday, they were confined until the following Tuesday morning, rather more than sixty hours without toilet facilities, in cells that reeked from vermin and lack of ventilation.

From six hours per week of limited freedom, in 1913 and prior to that date when dinner was served in the mess hall on Sundays and holidays, the inmates of Sing Sing today have over fifty hours each week out of their cells to devote to recreation and study as well as absolute liberty of conversation at all times. In addition to this grant, the per capita cost per annum for food has been increased as follows:

Year	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
	$39.82	$43.92	$45.90	$46.68	$54.50

This increase in food was also followed by a further increase in clothing issued to the inmates, such as warm underwear and blankets in the Winter, and the per capita cost for clothing for inmates has been as follows:

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Year	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
	$5.26	$8.36	$8.90	$10.31	$13.99

The result of more food, better clothing, and recreation periods is best exemplified in the report on insanity within Sing Sing for the years:

	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
Cases	21	32	48	27	19

This decrease is in inverse ratio to the granting of privileges, which have not been abused by the inmates, and the removal of the depression occasioned by the dismal influence of the cells and the brutality of the guards.

Under administrations prior to Warden Osborne's, fifty or more guards were stationed in the dining-room to maintain order at meal times. These guards were removed by Mr. Osborne, and Delegates and assistant Sergeants-at-arms, appointed by the officers of the Mutual Welfare League, took their places, with the result that there has been little or no disorder in the dining-room. An occasional fist fight between inmates is attended to by the Sergeants of the League, and the offenders are "arrested" and taken before the prison court, or Grievance Committee as it is called, presided over by five inmates, where sentence is handed out with all the fairness and seriousness of an actual court, although the punishment is never more than confining the offender to his cell during recreation time, for a period of days. This is sufficient to maintain order in Sing Sing and replaces all the dark age tortures of the "old system," in vogue prior to the coming of Warden Osborne.

The discipline within a prison can best be shown by the statistics of the hospital and the record of cases before the prison court. The test of the Mutual Welfare League and the good that it has done in comparison with former years under the "old system" is best shown by the records of the Board of Paroles and the records of the Commission of Prisons for violations of paroles.

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Year	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
Number of Violations	16	21	17	22	13

This is a gratifying decrease from former years and reflects the influence of the Mutual Welfare League; but even better figures than the above are obtainable by consulting the records of the hospital in emergency cases, and as these are sworn to by the prison physician they are to be taken as authentic.

From the physician's report we find the following:

Year	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
Emergency cases that might have been due to assault	124	186	378	372	86
Number of above recorded as incised wounds	119	114	197	215	67
Number recorded as stabs			94	43	4

It will at once be seen that during 1915—the Osborne administration—self government by the inmates of Sing Sing under the Mutual Welfare League led to highly beneficial results and a notable decrease of assaults and fights. In addition to the better feeling prevailing among the inmates, a "prize ring" was established wherein one inmate could challenge another to a boxing contest and in this manner settle his differences in the manly art of self defense.

The Mutual Welfare League, with its granted freedom within limitations, having succeeded in lessening the disorder within Sing Sing to a considerable extent, has been encouraged at all times by Warden Osborne to uncover anything in the line of infraction of the prison rules and bring it to the light of day and to the prison court, and the records of this court, which are available from March 1st, 1915, to December 6th, 1915, reveal the fact that three hundred inmates were brought before this court by the Sergeants-at-

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arms and out of this number, fifty-six appealed to the Warden's court, or higher court, with the result that this higher court affirmed the decision of the prisoner's court in twenty-one cases and that the penalty was reduced in twenty-two cases and that only in two instances was the lower court reversed by the higher.

This record reveals more than anything else that the inmates of Sing Sing are capable of self government and of maintaining a republican form of government, within limitations, and gaining by this same government habits of self control and self thought which are bound to have a far reaching influence on the management of all prisons of the future.

The industrial situation within the prisons of the state of New York have been the subject of much discussion by politicians and penologists, and inasmuch as the industries are limited to State institutions and municipalities, the problem of finding sufficient work for the inmates is a serious one.

The industries of Sing Sing, which are representative of all the prisons of the State of New York as well as many other States, turn out under-clothing and outer-clothing; brushes, matts, mattresses, wooden furniture, iron castings, carts and wagons, street cleaning cans, shoes, knit goods, and other minor articles demanded by the market.

Although municipalities are compelled by law to purchase from the prisons of the State of New York, they have managed to evade this law by offering as an excuse, immediate necessity and the impossibility of waiting for the prison shops to turn out the goods, and have gone to " free labor," for their requirements.

Were all the hospitals and municipalities in the State of New York required to live up to the full letter of the law and purchase from the prisons, these same goods would be manufactured in the prison shops and the industrial situation would be greatly simplified and the inmate would be worthy of his hire and be self supporting, instead of being a steady drain on the annual budget, a prison such as Sing Sing requiring in addition to its manufacturing profits, approximately a quarter of a million dollars per year for maintenance.

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Every effort is now being made in the prison department at Albany to better the industrial situation within Sing Sing, and as a start the hearty and whole souled co-operation of the Mutual Welfare League has been asked by Superintendent of Prisons, Hon. James M. Carter to further this work and increase the output of the institution. How well the League has responded to this call can be shown by the increase of Sing Sing's industries, which proves that it is not all "beer and skittles" in Sing Sing and that there is much hard work being done by the inmates, which will be further increased by the new compensation bill which went into effect in the State of New York on May 1st 1916, and pays the inmates in lieu of wages, earned time extending all the way up to ten days on each thirty day period.

The shoe industry within Sing Sing, with the use of automatic machinery, is teaching many of the inmates a trade which they can take to the outside world with them, and the records of this department, both before and after the formation of the Mutual Welfare League, is instructive in relation to production and a benevolent administration.

With no increase in the number of shoe operators, and with the same machinery, the shoe industry of Sing Sing has increased as follows:

Year	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
Pairs of Shoes	37,641	45,183	41,380	55,124	69,345

From the above figures it is seen that the improvement is very noticeable under the Osborne administration, and the same per cent. of increase applies to the knitting industry, which has likewise responded to the call for more work and a greater production.

Under the "old system," prior to the Osborne regime, one of the most flourishing industries within Sing Sing and one which returned a large profit to the State of New York, was the Cart and Wagon industry. This shop was burned down during a strike within Sing Sing when a large draft of men were sent away for punishment, and the profits of this

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shop, which is just coming into its own again, were lost for a number of years to the State with the additional expense of re-building. In this connection there has not been a serious fire in Sing Sing after the coming of Warden Osborne and the formation of the League, notwithstanding the unlimited opportunities offered, the shops being patroled both during hours and after hours of work by an efficient force of inmates who comprise the fire department. Thus the League has saved the State many thousands of dollars by the policy of trusting the inmates, while under the "old system," a fire a month was the rule, most of which were caused by inmates who were attempting to get back at the State for punishment, real or fancied.

Perhaps the final and the acid test of the Mutual Welfare League and the modern penology, is the one of the rehabilitation of the inmate when he leaves the prison and during the period of his incarceration; and this in the light of what has already been done along the lines of reform within Sing Sing, is the supreme bi-product of any penal place. The industries, however important, are secondary and should be correlated to the reformation of the prisoner.

The Mutual Welfare League, with its freedom within limitations, having succeeded in lessening the disorder within Sing Sing, and also in Auburn Prison, at Auburn, N. Y., has been encouraged at all times to uncover anything in the line of infraction of rules and bring it to the light of day and to the prison court. The records of the prison court have decreased in direct ratio to the education of the inmates under the direction of Thomas Mott Osborne, and to-day in Sing Sing there can be found in addition to the State primary classes presided over by a civilian professor, for the education of the illiterate inmate, a series of lectures and classes ranging all the way from a class in English and mathematics up to a full fledged auto-school and instructions in the higher branches of education. The teachers of these classes and the lecturers being inmates of superior mentality and training.

The aim and the object of this League school is to qualify inmates for positions on the outside and to keep them

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from becoming recidivists and returning to the prisons of the State. Over one half of the entire population of Sing Sing have enrolled themselves in the League classes and much of the idle time formerly given to recreation is now employed for study and instruction. It is not an uncommon sight within Sing Sing to see a group of inmates with books, working out problems away from their instructors, while in a side lane, four or five automobiles are being stripped by eager students who are qualifying to become auto-mechanics.

Lectures are frequently given in the chapel at Sing Sing for the education of the entire population, and these vie in popularity with the moving pictures.

A crucible or a melting pot is usually judged by its output and Sing Sing is to be judged by the low per cent. of recidivists. All the League schools and classes have this one object in view, and the prisoners discharged during the regime of Warden Osborne and those who return to a life of crime, in comparison with former administrations, constitute the acid test of the Mutual Welfare League. Although the records have not extended over a sufficient length of time to form a law, there is more than enough encouragement in the last two years to justify the founder of the Mutual Welfare League in continuing his work for the rehabilitation of the convicted man.

The evidence of the Court of General Sessions of the City of New York, which sentences the greater bulk of prisoners to Sing Sing, is that very few men who have been discharged from Sing Sing under the Osborne administration have returned. Judge Wadhams of the Court of General Sessions has stated that no member of the Mutual Welfare League of Sing Sing has come before him for resentence, which is a remarkable record in view of the number of convicted men who appear before this Judge.

Spencer Miller, Jr., Deputy Warden of Sing Sing, has compiled figures, showing the relation of parole violations to the total number of prisoners released from Sing Sing—figures which have revealed the fact that less men are coming back to the prison than ever before.

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Year	1912	1913	1914	1915
Number released by State Board of Parole	253	195	190	139
Returned for Violation of Parole	21	17	13	7
Percentage of Violations	8.3	8.7	6.8	3.7

The last figure, 3.7 per cent. is under the Osborne regime and is an indication that a light has been lit in a penal place and that less men are coming to Sing Sing as recidivists than ever before in the history of the institution.

The factors which have contributed towards the success of the Mutual Welfare League are three in number. The prime factor is self government and freedom of thought brought about by self government. The second factor is education both for the inmate and the general public, which up to the Osborne regime refused to employ discharged inmates of prisons. The third factor is the personal one, taught subconsciously by inmates returning to Sing Sing as visitors, as well as by the recreation hours and the sunlight and the interest that society has taken in the convicted man; when former society pressed him deeper in the mire with a social thumb of authority and brutality.

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BEAUTY

DAVID MORTON

THERE is a beauty that outlives the form
That gives it birth, and lingers in the mind
Through all the after years of peace and storm,
A constant benediction, sweet and kind.

I have stood still in thrilling solitudes,
In leafy rooms among great-hearted hills,
Where passionate and thoughtful beauty broods,
Pierces the spirit, startles, stabs—and stills.

And I have watched from craggy mountain-heads,
Looking to westward where the sky unfurled
Banners of beauty, shot with changing reds,
Above the blazing uplands of the world.

And quiet scenes have given largess, too:
Dim fields at dusk with standing stacks of hay,
Made dearer still by curtains of deep blue,
And first, faint stars in wastes of green and gray.

Or those same fields on August afternoons,
Flooded with sunlight till their beauty blinds;
Or brooded over by slow, thoughtful moons,
Or bent beneath the swift, light feet of winds.

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There is a star—I have never learned its name——
That rose above a certain hill I knew:
I mind, one stormy twilight, how it came,
Piercing the cloudheads—and my spirit, too.

And since that day, in many a stormy hour,
In many a hot and uncongenial place,
A sudden beauty opens like a flower;
Within my mind a star lifts up her face.

Once when I walked a city's bitter places,
The twilit canyons and the streets of pain,
I found a strange, white beauty on those faces,
Like thin, white flames of eagerness and strain.

And beauty, too, was in their vaulting thought,
Made palpable in towers, rows on rows,
Those modern monoliths their minds had wrought
By vision and bold planning and hard blows.

But best of all Earth's beauty, in my eyes,
Best of all loveliness that stirs my mind,
Are trees grown old and neighborly and wise,
Grown great and strong, yet gentle, too, and kind.

I mind one now that stood within a field
No others near—where cattle came at noon
For the cool shelter that wide branches yield:
And I came, too, finding another boon.

Finding a beauty that could heal hot pain,
And touch the shackled spirit with release,
Filling the mind with cool, green thoughts again,
Swathing the heart in shadows of deep peace.

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I cannot think that all this beauty passes,
Part of the lightless drift and dust of Time,
Swift to the death as some swift summer's grasses,
Early forgot as this dissolving rhyme.

I cannot doubt—whatever Death may be——
That somewhere in those bright immortal ways,
I shall remember all Earth's gifts to me,
And give new thanks in new, glad songs of praise.

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THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN

JAMES H. HYSLOP

"SECONDARY personality" is the doctor's Irish stew. He does not know what it is. In antiquity it was "demoniac obsession." At a later period it was "witchcraft." Today we call it such things as "split consciousness" and think we have solved the problem, when, in fact, we have only thrown dust in people's eyes. We have become so accustomed to paradoxes in human knowledge that almost any impossible combination of terms will receive respectful attention, the more impossible the better. What is split consciousness? We can split wood, iron, pumpkins, political parties; but split consciousness, however convenient a term for describing an apparent situation, is a term for our ignorance—a most happy term, to confound a group of people who refer every anomalous thing in the universe to spirits, and to make it unnecessary to inquire minutely into the anomalies of personality.

Since the rise of modern science, the one thing that has saved the thinking of most people from the hasty interpretation of mental anomalies, has been the general belief that science has exorcised the "supernatural" from the order of the world, though scarcely anybody knew what the supernatural meant. During all this period secondary personality was unknown, or its apparent significance not appreciated, as a means of reducing the claims of the supernatural. The echoes of witchcraft still remained in the popular consciousness. But the words secondary personality, and their associates, "subliminal," "subconscious," and "hysteria," redeemed the situation, and became an open sesame for the scientific conjurer. Spirits disappeared into the limbo of illusion and mythology.

Ansel Bourne disappeared from home in Providence, R. I., and was given up as lost or the victim of an unknown death; but he suddenly awakened to his normal condition eight weeks afterward, in Norristown, Pa., with no memory of the eight weeks interval. Professor James and Dr.

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Richard Hodgson hypnotized him and traced the events of this period, which he told under hypnosis, and found them true.

Charles Brewin disappeared from his home in Burlington, N. J., and between New York City and Plainfield, N. J., he spent four years in a secondary state, undiscovered by his friends, and ignorant of his own identity; but at last he awakened from his Rip Van Winkle sleep to know nothing about it, and was restored to his family.

Dr. Morton Prince had a case, which he calls Sally Beauchamp, who appeared to be four different persons. One of them was a mischievous imp and played all sorts of tricks on the other personalities. She would entice one of them to ride out into the country on the last car, and then awaken her. The poor victim had to walk home exhausted from the trip. Sally would put toads and spiders into a box and leave them on the bureau so that the normal self would go into hysterics when she opened the box. These and similar tricks and escapades it required a volume to tell and explain. Split consciousness, or multiple personality, was the charmed word that was supposed to clear up the mystery. The supernaturalist's theory of spirits was waved aside, and justly enough, for lack of evidence. There were no credentials in the phenomena for such an explanation.

But some years ago I happened upon a case which offered the opportunity for proper investigation and experiment. It was one that had fallen into the hands of a clergyman, also by the name of Dr. Prince, for care and cure. After visiting it, I resolved to try an experiment as soon as the condition of the patient permitted. This resolution could not be put into effect for several years.

A child, whom we shall call Doris, when three and a half years of age, was picked up by her drunken father and thrown violently upon the floor. The shock stunned the child, but at the time no more serious effects followed; the next day or so, however, it was found that something had happened. The mother did not understand it, though informed that it was the consequence of a contusion at the base

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of the brain. From that time on, the case was one of alternating personalities. The chief of these was called Margaret, and events proved that there was another which manifested itself only in the girl's sleep, and was called Sleeping Margaret. But this one was after the mother's death. The normal and primary state was called Real Doris. All that the mother knew anything about was Real Doris and Margaret. The death of the mother, however, when the child was 17 years of age, caused the appearance of another personality, which was called Sick Doris, because in this condition or personality the girl was always ill, though she would seem to recover a perfectly healthy condition in an instant upon the return of Margaret or Real Doris.

From the time that her father had so brutally thrown her down, she had imbibed a mortal fear of him, made more intense by his constantly brutal treatment of her. The pastor of the family had accused the child of lying, because he did not understand her changes, and the result was that ever afterward she refused to attend his Sunday school. One Sunday she casually went into Dr. Prince's church, and Mrs. Prince became interested in her, without knowing anything about the real condition of things, except that she was something of an invalid. Finally Dr. Prince's attention was aroused by the psychological interest of the case, as well as its need of charity and care. He found that Doris could probably never get well as long as she stayed with her father, who still brutally abused her. He then resolved to adopt her into his family, and proceeded to study her and to attempt a cure. First he began to dissolve the personality of Sick Doris, and after his success with her, he eliminated Margaret; but he did not undertake to remove Sleeping Margaret, as this personality had been helpful in the dissipation of the other personalities, and claimed to be a "spirit," as did Sally in the Beauchamp case.

The primary personality, Real Doris, was apparently a well-behaved and normal person, and at no time were there any signs of physical lesion or degeneration, except in the personality of Sick Doris, when nausea and other abnormal

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symptoms manifested themselves. But Margaret was a perfect imp and personification of mischief. She would take horses from a livery stable and ride about the city or country to her heart's content, much to the annoyance of the owners, though she always returned the horses. She would go down to the ferries and try to ride across the river, sitting on the edge of the boat; but if the men would try to put her off, she would kick up her heels and throw herself backward into the water, frightening everybody. But she was an expert swimmer, and never suffered any real danger. She would take objects from places where she worked, and hide them in a drawer. When the normal self was accused of stealing, she naturally and honestly enough denied the accusation. She would write notes to the normal self, as the only way of reaching it. Sick Doris, the result of the mother's death, was a very stupid personality. She did not know what death was, and did not understand the funeral or the mourning of friends, though she herself had prepared the mother's body for burial. Sick Doris did not know the names for the objects about her, and could not speak intelligently. Margaret had to set about teaching her the names of things, and how to talk intelligently. In the course of this, Margaret imbibed a bitter hostility to Sick Doris, and used to play every imaginable trick on her, as bad as those played by Sally on the other personalities in the Beauchamp case.

The death of the mother threw the household work on Doris, and this made matters worse, especially when the cruelties of the father were added. Let me quote from the account of Dr. Walter F. Prince.

"Overwork, together with the baleful influences of the home, chiefly militated against the primary personality. Upon the girl fell the major expenses of the household. Margaret knew that something must be done, and dinned it into the mind of Sick Doris that she must earn more money, by working at night. Sick Doris learned the lesson all too well. As Margaret afterwards ruefully expressed it, 'She began to work like fury and then she made me work.' By a process of abstraction, particularly when sewing, she could gradually enchain the will and entire consciousness of Margaret, so that both consciousnesses coöperated, intent upon the task. Everything but the

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needle and the stitches faded away, the eyes never wandered from the work, color fled from the countenance, the fingers flew with magic speed, and hours passed before the spell was broken. An instance occurred of the definitely proved execution of an elaborate piece of embroidery in less than a quarter of the time that the most conservative judges estimated as necessary. In this instance the abnormal work went on more than twelve hours at a time, absolutely without rest except such as was furnished by seizures of catalepsy, when the needle paused midway in the air, the body became immobile and the eyes fixed, for ten minutes or half an hour, whereon the arrested movement was completed and the task went on, Sick Doris not being aware that she had passed more than a second. When the task was ended Margaret would come out and dance a wild dance of joy. But one of the evil consequences was that she became malevolent against Sick Doris and entered upon a long series of revenges. With a malice that seems almost fiendish, she scratched Sick Doris with her nails, although she herself got the worst of it after the numbing effect of rage was over, in that she was less anaesthetic than her colleague. Many times she tore out whole strands of her hair, several times she actually grubbed out nails. She caused in Sick Doris sensations of nausea and various pains, destroyed her work and her possessions, thwarted her plans, threatened, teased, taunted her. And yet at times she pitied and comforted the harassed creature, and often came to her relief in emergencies."

Between the combats of these two personalities the normal personality would appear five or ten minutes at a time, though occasionally for a few consecutive days. But Sick Doris and Margaret controlled most of the life of the girl for five years directly under the observation of Dr. Prince, the foster-father. All the while Sleeping Margaret was in the background, and appeared only in the girl's slumber, though conscious all the time of what was going on in both personalities, and the source of much that Dr. Prince learned about the girl's experiences before she came to him. Besides, she directed the management of the case for its cure in many of its features. At first she laid no claim to being a "spirit," but finally, whether due to suggestion or not, this not being determinable, she set up the claim that she was a "spirit," though she could remember no past life on this earth or elsewhere. Margaret apparently knew nothing about this Sleeping Margaret, while the latter knew all about the former, as

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well as about Sick Doris. Gradually Sick Doris was dissipated, and then Margaret, leaving Sleeping Margaret in the castle. It requires two volumes to record all the facts, including the exciting experiences of the different personalities and the disagreeable incidents of the curing process. But the final outcome was a normal and healthy women, with no signs of dissociation. The only thing that a keen observer would note would be the immaturity of the girl mentally, which is quite explicable by the fact that the abnormal personalities had occupied the chief part of her life, and their experiences and education were not transferred to the normal self, except a part of those of Sick Doris.

So far there is nothing in the case that either proves or suggests anything more than what is already known as dissociation or multiple personality. The consciousness of the girl would be described as "split," whatever that phrase really means. In fact, it can mean nothing more than that amnesia occurs between the various personalities. But this is not true in its complete sense. There was intercognition between them, more or less, while Sleeping Margaret seems to have a memory of the experiences of all of them. But, as said, there was often the usual dissociation or amnesia between the various personalities, so that this can be the only provable meaning of the term "split consciousness." Occasionally in the Margaret personality there occurred a few incidents suggestful of mind-reading, but not sufficient in quantity or quality to afford scientific proof. But there were no traces of the phenomena which pass for communication with the dead, and nothing that would suggest to the psychologist anything like demoniac obsession, in so far as the standards of evidence for such a doctrine are concerned. The various forms of hysteria and dissociation would be the only diagnosis that any reputable physician or psychiatrist would propose for it.

The next step in the investigation was a most important one. I had come across three other cases which would be or had already been diagnosed by physicians or psychologists as paranoia or hysteria, and I should have myself given the

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same explanation of the facts, had it not occurred to me that the method of "cross reference" might bring out some facts which would throw light upon the perplexities of dissociation and multiple personality. The facts that brought me to this were in three cases of it that had come under my notice.

A young man who had never before painted got to painting pictures so well that they were sold for good prices on their artistic merits alone, and buyers who did not know how they were produced thought the man was copying pictures of Robert Swain Gifford, who was dead. The young man did his painting after Gifford's death, and seven months before he learned of that artist's demise. Another subject, a lady this time, was writing stories purporting to come from the late Frank R. Stockton, so characteristic that Henry Alden, the editor of Harper's Monthly, and another gentleman who had made a study of Stockton, thought them quite characteristic. Another lady, who had no education in singing, was doing this and automatic writing, both of which purported to be influenced by the late Emma Abbott. Three other cases had similar experiences, and in addition half a dozen cases diagnosed as paranoia or other form of insanity were put to the same investigation, and yielded the same result.

It was the Thompson-Gifford case that suggested the method of experiment. After an interview of two hours with the young man, I came to the conclusion which the doctors reached in their examination, namely, that the case was one of dissociation or the disintegration of personality. But it flashed into my mind that there was no obligation to wait until an autopsy was performed in order to find out if the diagnosis was correct; and that, if I took the subject to a psychic, I might learn something about the situation. I did this under the strictest conditions possible, making my own record of the facts. The dead Gifford appeared to prove his identity from his childhood up, through two separate psychics, and gave some evidence through two others. This suggested the type of experiment for the other

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cases, and they yielded the same result: that deceased persons purported to accept responsibility for the phenomena that had occurred in the various subjects. These phenomena in the subjects themselves afforded no credentials of a supernormal source until they were repeated by cross reference through a psychic that knew absolutely nothing about the person brought to her. What appeared to be merely secondary personality on its own credentials proved, by cross reference, to have come from foreign inspiration. Gifford appeared to be back of the painting, Stockton of the story-writing, and Emma Abbott of the singing; and in the other instances we found similar transcendental sources for the arts which the subjects were engaged in, or for the abnormal phenomena which caused medical men to speak of insanity.

The method which thus proved so successful was applied to the Doris case with the hope that we should find light thrown upon its personalities. The case had never been mentioned publicly. Doris lived the first part of her life in western Pennsylvania and afterward in California. I therefore had an exceptionally good opportunity to try the experiment under the best conditions that would conceal all the facts from the psychic. I brought the girl from California and kept her outside of the city in which the experiments were to be made. I admitted her to the psychic only after I had put the psychic in a trance, and at no time did I allow the psychic to see her, either in the normal or in the trance state. Indeed, she could not have seen her had she, the psychic, been in her normal state, as I kept the subject behind her, and had the subject leave the room before the trance was over. At this time the girl was perfectly normal, as healthy a piece of humanity as anyone could expect. The following was the result recorded in automatic writing by the psychic, and it summarizes a volume of data of more interest than any epitome can give:

I asked no questions, and made no suggestions for information. I allowed the controls to take their own course. The first communicator was the girl's mother, who had died about eight years before. She called her daughter by her

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pet name, and the name which represented the last words of the dying parent. She soon showed knowledge of the girl's malady and improvement, and then went on to prove her identity by many little incidents in their common lives, in fact, pouring out these incidents until the foster-father was astonished at their abundance and pertinence. I knew nothing of them, and the foster-father was living three thousand miles from the place where the sittings were being held.

After this had been done, a remarkable incident occurred. Dr. Richard Hodgson, who had died in 1905 and who since then had ostensibly been a frequent communicator through this psychic, purported to communicate, and compared the case with that of Sally Beauchamp, with which he said he had experimented. This was true, and he also named Dr. Morton Prince as the person who had had charge of it. Though the psychic had read Dr. Morton Prince's book on that case, she had not even seen the present subject, and had not heard a word about her. I had brought this case to the psychic because I knew its affinities with that of Sally Beauchamp. But the most important incident, as the sequel proved, was the allusion to a child about the girl with whom we should have to reckon. I was told that one of the controls of the psychic had discovered the child, and presently I was further told that this child was an Indian. There had not been any indication in the life and phenomena of Doris that such a personality was connected with her. But evidence of it came plentifully enough later.

Then, following this episode, came one of the girl's guides. After Margaret and Sick Doris had been eliminated, the girl began to develop automatic writing, and this was alluded to through the present psychic, and the person said to be responsible for the development of Doris as an automatist was a French lady. Through the psychic some French was used, and a number of incidents given which had been given through the planchette by Doris. This confirmed the process that had been employed to correct the conditions prevailing in the girl. It was a substitution of better for worse controls.

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Following the revelation of the little Indian, who was called Minnehaha or Laughing Water, came an illusion to the trouble with the girl as a case of spirit obsession. This was exactly what I had suspected when arranging for my experiments. But I was told that Minnehaha was not the personality responsible for it. She was very cautious about telling me incidents to prove her identity, because she was afraid of inculpating herself and of being exorcised. As soon as I had calmed her fears, allusion was made to another personality. At first I had suspected that Minnehaha was Margaret. The incidents told justified this inference. But it soon developed that it was wrong. Minnehaha insisted that she was not a "devil," and threw the responsibility on someone else.

In the meantime I was curious to test the claims of Sleeping Margaret. She insisted on being regarded as a spirit. But not a trace of her came in the communications of the first series of sittings. I then left the subject, Doris, in New York, and held some sittings on her behalf in Boston, during her absence. In my experiments with Sleeping Margaret in New York, she excused her failure to communicate in Boston by saying she had to give way to others present, and pleaded in defense of her failure to come when Doris was not present at the sittings, that she could not leave Doris, of whom she claimed to be the chief "guard" or guide. But she promised to try to communicate, if I took Doris back to Boston. I did so for further sittings, but not a trace of Sleeping Margaret came. No impersonation of her was even attempted.

I, therefore, tried another device. Remembering that it was one of the controls of the psychic that was said to have discovered Minnehaha, I made arrangements to have a sitting for this special control. I had to conceal both my object and the sitter from my psychic, while I also had to arrange to have Sleeping Margaret "out": that is, manifesting. This could only be during the sleep of Doris, the subject. Consequently I arranged with the normal psychic to give a sitting at the house of a friend of mine in the evening. I

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purposely left the impression, by telling the name of the family, that it might be for some one in the house. In the meantime, I had arranged with my friend to keep Doris all night. I first saw that Doris was sent to bed at 9 o'clock. After this I went to meet the psychic, and brought her to the house, where I left her in the room below until I had seen that Doris was asleep and covered her up so that she could not even be seen. No part of her body or face was visible. I then brought the psychic into the room, and soon after the trance came on she saw the same little Indian that had been seen about Doris in the regular sittings, and tried to give her name. She got it correctly in symbols, but not the exact name as I have given it. She saw *water* and *laughing,* but did not connect them as a name. She went on, mentioning a large number of incidents that had been mentioned in the deeper trance at the regular sittings, and finally, when I asked her to talk to the sleeping girl, she did so, and I then asked her to tell me with whom she was talking. She said, and adhered to the assertion, that it was " The spirit of the girl herself, half out and half in, and that, if she would only go out farther she could communicate with 'spirits'."

Assuming this to be correct, it meant that the girl's development as a medium was not yet adequate, and the situation explained readily enough why I had not heard from Sleeping Margaret. The next day at the regular sittings the matter was taken up, and in the course of several sittings I was told that there were two Margarets in the case, and one of them was said to be the Margaret that appeared in sleep, and that she was not a discarnate spirit, but the " spirit of the girl herself." Here again we had the explanation of her failure to communicate as a discarnate reality. Later I made an inquiry to know why Sleeping Margaret claimed to be a spirit; and Edmund Gurney, of whom I made the inquiry, and who had died in 1888 in England his existence and death being wholly unknown to the psychic, purporting to communicate, replied that, just as many spirits suffered from the illusion that they were still living and in contact with the physical world, so Sleeping Margaret, the

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subconscious of Doris, had a similar illusion about being a spirit, because she was not in a deep enough trance to realize the real situation. This view exactly confirmed the theory that other cases had suggested to me, and was consistent with the general attitude taken about Sleeping Margaret. Moreover, we must remember that Sleeping Margaret had never claimed to have existed before, and Doris had such negative ideas of what a spirit was, that she had not thought she saw a spirit when she had an apparition of her mother after the latter's death. She thought it was her Prince, Doris's foster-father.

With the nature of Sleeping Margaret cleared up, the next task was to decide the status of Margaret. That had already been hinted at, in saying that she was a discarnate spirit. The controls with Minnehaha then appeared too, brought Margaret, and make her confess to having influenced Doris in the Margaret state to do many of the things which would have made people of common sense, who did not reckon with the real cause, blame her for all sorts of lying and stealing. Margaret confessed that she had done so, and stated some of the things she had made the girl do. The facts were verified by the testimony of Dr. Walter Prince, Doris's foster-father.

As soon as this result was effected, the controls seized the occasion for extending the meaning of the conclusion which would be drawn from the proof that Margaret was a spirit and an obsessing agent in the life of the girl. They were not content with proving that a spirit was at the bottom of the Margaret personality, but took up the task of showing that she was but a mere tool of a group that was more important than she was, and that the case was (1) an instance in which an organized band of evil influences was trying to determine the girl's life for evil, and (2) that the conditions manifested in this instance were only an illustration of what was going on in thousands of cases which were treated as insane, but were perfectly curable, if the medical world would but open its mind to the situation.

Very early in the work of revealing what was going

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on around the girl, the controls, who professed to be the Imperator group that had directed the labors of Dr. Hodgson when living, indicated that there was an important historical personality at the head of the organization which had been guilty of influencing the girl for evil. They enticed him into the witness box, apparently to make him unconsciously give himself away, and I undertook to play the game as tactfully and shrewdly as I could. I managed as soon as possible to elicit the name, much against the will of the rascal, and it came out Count Cagliostro, the celebrated adventurer of the 18th century connected with the French court and Revolution in the Diamond Necklace affair. When he found himself trapped, he was rather angry, but, after trying to commit violence on the medium by twisting her to pieces, was cajoled by the controls into further communications. He was finally persuaded to give up the life he was leading, and to abandon the organization of which he was the head. One after another of these disordered spirits was brought to the bar for confession, and shown their evil ways. Some were willing and desirous of escaping the hell they were in, but a few were very obstinate. They yielded, however, in most cases after much effort and pressure. The removal of Count Cagliostro made then leaderless, and they were utterly unable to carry out their plans without his help. He was finally induced to go into a monastery or "hospital" in charge of Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had lived in the 11th Century!

Much to my surprise, I learned that the psychic had never heard of Count Cagliostro or the Diamond Necklace affair, and this was plausible enough when I further learned that she had never read anything about the French Revolution, except in Carlyle, and this only in deference to the tastes of a friend. In this work, Carlyle does not say anything about the Diamond Necklace affair, save merely to refer to it, giving Cagliostro's name. He had discussed it in his essays, but she never saw them. Besides, I obtained Cagliostro's real name, Joseph Balsamo, even to the pronunciation of it, which was not given in any authority but an old Webster, and

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various episodes in his life, especially the name of his brother-in-law, which was obtainable only in a French work which was hard to secure, the psychic, moreover, not being able to read French.

Throughout all this revelation of the agencies at work, the controls displayed their higher objects in such work, and outlined the method of treating such cases, which was to thwart the purposes of the evil " spirits " in any special instance, to extort confession of their deeds, and then to remove them from contact with the living victim. They asserted the doctrine of obsession with all emphasis, and endeavored to give the facts which proved it. In the case of Margaret and Minnehaha they proved it beyond question: for the personal identity of these two agents was proved by their knowledge of the necessary incidents in the life of the girl. Later I also got a reference to Sick Doris, but not as a single personality. It was stated that many spirits had influenced her in that state, and reference was made to the embroidery which had characterized the girl's work as that personality. But evidence for the reality of Margaret and Minnehaha being overwhelming, the probabilities are that the controls were correct in their statements about Count Cagliostro, which were back up by good evidence of his personal identity, not known by the psychic. The other obsessing personalities could not prove their identity. But this made no difference, as the avowed purpose of the controls was to show the wide extent of the obsession, and to remove the leaders of it.

Having effected this object, they took up the development of the girl, who had returned to California, and endeavored to establish cross-references with my work in Boston. Minnehaha was put at the task of telling what was going on out there, in the life of the girl, while the controls endeavored to indicate who was doing the work on development. Minnehaha succeeded in giving a large number of detailed incidents in the normal life of Doris, and also gave the full name of Dr. Prince and the former name of Doris, which was a very unusual name—one that I had never heard

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before, even pronouncing it as the girl and her relatives had done, though this was not as it was spelled. Hundreds of such facts were told, but there is no space here even to summarize the simplest of them.

Here is a case of dissociation caused by a parent's brutal act that results in a form of multiple personality which the physicians regard as incurable and certain to terminate in the insane asylum and death. It was variously diagnosed as paranoia and dementia precox, but under the patience and care of a clergyman was cured, and the girl made a perfectly healthy person, capable of carrying on a large poultry business, and serving as vice-president of a poultry association in the county where she lived, presiding over its meetings with intelligence and coolness. Then when she was cured, experiments with a psychic appear to show that it was a case of spirit obsession, with the identity of the parties affecting her proved. Mediumship begins its development as a means of preventing the recurrence of the evil obsession. This mediumship proceeds along with a normal and healthy life.

I have asserted that the explanation of the case is obsession, spirit or demoniac obsession, as it was called in the New Testament. *Before accepting such a doctrine, I fought against it for ten years after I was convinced that survival after death was proved.* But the several cases referred to above forced upon me the consideration of the question, and the present instance only confirms overwhelmingly the hypothesis suggested by other experiences.

What is obsession? It is the supernormal influence of a foreign consciousness on the mind and organism of a sensitive person. It may be good or bad, though we are not accustomed to think and speak of it as being good. But the process is the same in both types, though we may prefer to reserve the term for the abnormal cases. Any man, however, who believes in telepathy or mind-reading, cannot escape the *possibility* of obsession. Accepting such a phenomenon, he assumes the influence of an external consciousness on another mind. Hence, if you once grant the existence of discarnate spirits, the same process, namely,

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telepathy from discarnate minds, might exercise and have an influence, either sensory or motor, on the minds of the living, provided they are psychically receptive to such influences. It is only a question of evidence for the fact. I regard the existence of discarnate spirits as scientifically proved, and I no longer defer to the sceptic as having any right to speak on the subject. Any man who does not accept the existence of discarnate spirits and the proof of it is either ignorant or a moral coward. I give him short shrift, and do not propose any longer to argue with him on the supposition that he knows anything about the subject. Consequently, I am in a situation to investigate and weigh facts that suggest obsession.

What the doctrine involves is a reinterpretation of secondary and multiple personality. It does not set the doctrine aside, as most critics will be disposed to think. Obsession is simply superposed upon secondary personality or dissociation, or interfused with it, but it is not necessarily substituted for it. Secondary personality is the medium or instrument for its expression, and will color or modify the influences acting on it. It should be noticed that this very view of it is admitted or asserted by the controls in the case under consideration. They do not deny the existence of secondary personality, where we might naturally suppose that the prejudices of the psychic were inclined to apply foreign influences to the explanation of everything. Foreign influences will follow the lines of least resistance, and, where they may overcome the subconscious altogether, they will dominate the ideas and impulses of the subject. They may never be transmitted intact, unless at odd moments, but may usually be nothing more than instigative, like a match setting off an explosion. The match is not the cause of the effect, but is the occasional cause for releasing the pent-up energy of the subject exploding. You may stimulate a man's mind by alcohol or other stimulant, but we do not think of referring the action of the mind affected to the transmissive power of the alcohol. Utter a sentence to a man, and it may recall many associations which are not transmitted to his mind by

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the sound, or by the ideas of the man who utters the sentence. A man dreamed of walking in his bare feet on the ice of the north pole, to awaken and find that his feet were not under the bedclothes in a cold night. There was no correlation between the stimulus and the sensation in respect of kind, which was the sensible effect of interpretation and imagination, not of tactual reaction to the real cause. The same law may act in spiritistic stimulus. It may only incite action of the mind affected, as in a dream, and not transmit to it the exact thought or impulse in the mind of the foreign agent. In some cases, of course, we find the ideas and impulses transmitted more or less intact, and in such cases we may find the evidence for the obsession in the personal identity of the agent. But in cases of dissociation which distinctly represent subconscious factors, the only evidence for the obsession can come by the method of cross-reference. Such is the case before us. There was no evidence whatever for foreign invasion in the girl's experiences, cross-reference yielded this evidence in abundance.

The chief interest in such cases is their revolutionary effect in the field of medicine. The present case shows clearly what should have been done with Sally Beauchamp, and, in fact, plays havoc with the usual interpretations of that case, without setting aside the secondary or multiple personality there. *It is probable that thousands of cases diagnosed as paranoia would yield to this sort of investigation and treatment. It is high time for the medical world to wake up and learn something.* It is so saturated with dogmatic materialism that it will require some medical Luther or Kant to arouse it. This everlasting talk about secondary personality, which is very useful for hiding one's ignorance or merely describing the facts, should no longer prevent investigation. *It is very easy to find out what is the matter if you will only accept the method which has thrown so much light upon such cases. Nor will the method stop with dissociation. It will extend to many functional troubles which now baffle the physician. There is too much silly fear of the "supernatural," and reverence for the "natural" which has quite*

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as much lost its significance as has the "supernatural." Spirits, as we may, at least for convenience, call certain aggregations of phenomena, are no more mysterious things than is consciousness and, one could add, no more mysterious than atoms or electrons. Perhaps they are less so. They are certainly as legitimate objects of interest as drugs and pills or similar means of experiment.

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BOUCK WHITE—INTERPRETER OF CHRIST

MARY ALLAN STUART

AFTER the Ludlow Massacre, Reverend Bouck White, preacher of the Church of the Social Revolution, wrote to Doctor Woelfkin, then pastor of the joint congregations of the Fifth Avenue and of the Calvary Baptist churches, suggesting a meeting of Doctor Woelfkin's congregations and his own to consider the topic: "Does Jesus Teach the Immorality of Being Rich?" Doctor Woelfkin's congregation was notably wealthy—one member being the owner of the Ludlow mines; while Mr. White's congregation was made up of the class known as "workers." As both congregations were professedly Christian the discussion promised to be interesting. Mr. White stated that he would visit the church the following Sunday to extend his invitation.

Receiving no reply to his letter, on Sunday morning at the time for the weekly notices, he arose and said: "As pastor of a neighboring church I am here——"

Then the detectives seized him. About fifty plain clothes men and police had been assembled to "safeguard" the congregation from this man who wished to place before them the naked truth.

Some members of Mr. White's church also had attended the service. When the police attacked their pastor, they arose to their feet. They, too, were beaten with clubs and dragged to prison. Some people in the congregation tried to protest; they, likewise, were taken away by force. A young artist, who had arisen to leave the church, was seized by an officer, who used his club so vigorously that the young man had to lean for support against a stone pillar in front of the church while awaiting the van that was to convey these people to prison. As he stood there, swaying, his clothes torn, his face covered with blood, spitting his broken teeth from his mouth, a passerby, seeing him, and the motto of the church, "We

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Preach Christ Crucified," cut into the stone directly above him, cried: " Yes, and you crucify him too!"

In a New York police court, in a trial of less than twenty minutes, the magistrate sentenced Mr. White to the extreme penalty, six months hard labor in prison. His finger prints were taken and he was sent to Blackwell's Island. In pronouncing sentence, the magistrate declared him a " dangerous man." Therein lies the crux of the whole matter. How is this man dangerous and why was this church consumed with terror at the thought of him? What had he done but speak the truth?

There are people so unused to thinking their own thoughts that they cannot carry on a casual conversation without first consulting the editorial opinion of their daily paper. The attitude of the general public toward Bouck White shows how many such people there are. How many people in New York or elsewhere know for what this man stands? Doctor Fagnani of Union Theological Seminary says: " The marvel is that the race progresses at all, for whenever a man is big enough to raise his shoulders above the crowd, the rest of us immediately seize clubs to knock off his head, or, failing that, do our best to drag him down to our own level." Such is the case of Bouck White.

A minister in the role of criminal made a picturesque figure for a newspaper story; by making him appear a desperate character, the injustice of his sentence passed unnoticed by the people who take their opinions ready-made. Also this did not stir the wrath of the court officials, but, rather, tickled their vanity. Courts are a fertile source of news. Bouck White once labeled " dangerous " is good copy if the tone of the theme is unchanged.

Accordingly, we declare Bouck White is *a dangerous man.* How do we know? Some one said so once upon a time. The papers printed it, and the thought is so firmly settled in our minds that we haven't yet done sufficient original thinking to dislodge it. What has he done? *He stirred up the people.* Those words have a familiar sound. Somewhere, long ago, we read of a man who " stirred up

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the people" and he, like Bouck White, received his merited reward. He was crucified and they will crucify Bouck White, too, if they can.

His message was as unpopular then as the message of Bouck White is now. Both messages are the same—"Awake!" *We need not turn to blood-drenched Europe for an arraignment of the civilization of the pseudo-Christianity that is ours today.*

Our present industrial system is most unscientific and atrocious. Truth, honor, justice, and love are thrown overboard without compunction in our mad rush for dollars. We see these things. We know they exist but, if they do not interfere with our personal well-being, they do not impress us. We are too busy with our own affairs; the pressure is too great to stop for those who fall. *These and worse things are true. We know it. What are we going to do about it?* We say we live in a Christian country. Do we? Do you who believe in Jesus Christ think He would approve of such conditions? If you do, you know Him not.

For three centuries after the death of Jesus His followers lived according to their Master's teachings. The result was that Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity prevailed among them. They became the most prosperous and spiritually enlightened of all peoples and the world was being won to their way of living. But the Roman Empire, founded on slavery, militarism, and the private ownership of the world by the privileged few, knew the progress of Christianity meant her end. Her horrible atrocities and her efforts to crush Christianity availed not. But Constantine, the politic, seeing Christianity could not be crushed, adopted it and made of it a popular ecclesiastical institution instead of a universal brotherhood wherein the interests of all were the interests of each, and early in the fourth century were eliminated the fundamentals of its fellowship. *Since that fatal day, the world at large has not known the real Jesus.*

The churches, sharing the profits of injustice, have become blind. We have had centuries of poverty and oppression; hate and greed; crime and carnage. We deny

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the justice of brotherhood on earth while upholding it as an ideal for a heaven after death. Yet, if we believe in God, we know He must love the man we despise equally with us, or He is not God.

We pray "Thy kingdom come on earth." Do we want it to come? Jesus' plan for the kingdom of God on earth—the proper conducting of human affairs—is the most practical, the most feasible ever put forth. He is the greatest social economist in history. The churches, concerned with their creeds, their dogmas, enlarging upon their differentiations rather than their common humanity, teach and preach ethics, philosophy, sociology, morality—anything save the teaching of Jesus. Isn't it pitiful that after two thousand years it is still necessary to indoctrinate the church with the religion of Jesus Christ? Here and there a few valiant souls brave charges of heresy and worse for the truth they must tell to the world, but they are pathetically few. If preachers would retain their pulpits and the emoluments that go therewith, they can preach no such revolutionary doctrine as that of Jesus. It is too unsettling and people of comfortable horizons do not want to be disturbed.

Bouck White has written a book that took Jesus from a niche in the wall and set him in the street. This is genius and of a high order. *Jesus Christ, an ecclesiastical dignitary living in the clouds, is of no practical use to the world today. Jesus, the Carpenter, the man who worked with his hands for his daily bread; Jesus whose proclamation of the gospel of self-respect cost him his life, is a living, breathing reality. His protest against injustice is as true today as it was in the days of Tiberius and Herod.*

Our problems are the same that Jesus had to face in his life-time. Bouck White shows us *the man* who is more than a God. He carries us from his birth through his childhood into manhood. He shows us how his environment bred into his life the indomitable purpose that shaped his career. His years as a toiler, oppressed like others of his class, formulated in his mind a sense of injustice that later caused his revolt against the oppressors of his time. He is a figure such as

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we might see in the world about us. He is not a mystic something to be propitiated by long prayers and castigations, candles and sweet odors, gorgeous trappings and munificient donations. He was and is a human being, even as we; a gallant, glorious, self-sacrificing idealist.

A saint on a cornice; a God in the clouds—what service, what use are they to humanity? They are too far away, beings of another sphere, there can be no common point where we touch and they do not interest us vitally. The Jesus of Churchly tradition is such as these. But the real Jesus, the workingman, Bouck White's in *The Call of the Carpenter* grips the soul of mankind. Here is a man who lived a life worth while; a man who knew whereof He spoke, and feared not to speak the truth He knew. Any leader of thought knows the difficulty of *awakening* the people, sodden in ignorance, stupidity, and fear; unused to thought, unused to concerted action, stupid from their over-burdening toil and their limited horizon. We see Him working with these people, pleading with them, inspiring them, setting them on fire—making them alive. *"The event to which the whole creation moves is that humanity might have life, and that it might have it more abundantly."*

We see them arising from dull acquiescence to ennobling thought. Where they had only fear, He gave them hope—hope in themselves as men. We see Him as a real, human man. With Him we live His life, we suffer His sorrow, His privations. We know him as he is. The book is a masterpiece—the book of a century. We envy Europe its masters of music, art and science—great men whose work is epochal. Yet here is a work that rivals these; an interpretation of the great master-spirit of literature and life, achieved with consummate art and with inspired devotion.

The writer of this book has been face to face with the wrongs of the poor—as was Jesus, and like Him has set his face like a flint against evil-doers. This is surely a book that will help make history; it is more than a book—it is a philosophy of life. And its philosophy is compounded by the most human, the most divine man that ever lived—Jesus

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Christ. To have written this book alone, it was infinitely worth while to have lived.

This man, who has been persecuted so persistently by the police and by *created* public opinion, is author of several other remarkable books. In his writings will be found evidence of a ripe degree of scholarship, a high appreciation of historic values, and an intense spiritual insight into the life and teachings of the Carpenter worker that is almost without a parallel in the field of modern literature.

In *The Book of Daniel Drew,* a study in psychology of the money mart, Bouck White gives us a fascinating story of the mental evasions and feats of ethical juggling of a man hopelessly caught in the system. Daniel Drew, the founder of modern Wall Street finance, made millions by his crookedness. With Gould, Fisk, and Tweed, he wrecked the Erie Railroad in the early seventies. Yet, throughout it all, he was a "professing Christian," a founder and supporter of churches and the founder of Drew Theological Seminary. He was utterly unable to see anything incongruous between his religion and his business life. That they should be associated, or even related, he could not believe. Justification was "by faith alone" and "pardoning mercy ratified the covenant." His prosperity was justified because he was a "faithful follower." When results seemed doubtful, he waxed "mournful and fasting, propitiating the Wrath," but of justice and equity he knew not at all. The author gives a true picture of the depths to which a man may sink and yet be a highly respected member of a so-called Christian church.

Such a book is a stronger brief for sincerity than a hundred sermons. It shows the utter inadequacy of Theological ecclesiasticism. We should be grateful to Bouck White for his keen exposure of that dual conscience that is at once the disgrace and death of religion.

His imaginative story, *The Mixing,* tells of the regeneration of a country village, civic and social. He pictures a lethargic village, literally fallen into decay. The parson, with divine common sense, urges the people to "get together." "To breed a co-operative spirit. that is what re-

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ligion is for," he declared. Gradually, the people of the summer colony and the "natives" were welded into a thriving, wide-awake town, permeated with a true spirit of fellowship. Country towns today live no more closely to the spirit of Christ than people in the large cities. Not incapacity, but indifference, is our curse. We need to be inspired, awakened —we need a Prometheus to bring divine fire, for the real purpose of life is to *live*.

Bouck White is a native of New York State, a graduate of Harvard and of Union Theological Seminary. He has been pastor of churches in remote towns and in large cities, and has been unusually successful in each field of work. His ministerial work in the Holy Trinity Church of Brooklyn gave him an intimate knowledge of the conditions of the poor as contrasted with that of the rich in New York. Here he wrote "The Book of Daniel Drew," and shortly after, "The Call of the Carpenter." His vestry became alarmed by his repeated attacks on the money-mad and his resignation followed. Removing to Manhattan he published *The Carpenter and the Rich Man,* a companion book to "The Call of the Carpenter."

As the latter book is a biography of Jesus as a workingman this is a study of his teachings from the economic point of view. The key-note of the book is the immorality of being rich when other people are poor. This is the kernel of Christ's philosophy of life. The author bases it largely on the message of Jesus as found in the parables.

Shortly after this, he founded the Church of the Social Revolution. The first public meeting was held in Berkeley Theater, Easter Sunday, April 5, 1914. The congregation grew and interest deepened. Then came the visit to Calvary Church and Bouck White's imprisonment. A few members resigned, from fears of various kinds, but more joined. On the pastor's release the two hundred had become five hundred. The church stands for Industrial Democracy International. They have regular Sunday and mid-week services. They make much of their music, using hymns written by their pastor. Last spring a church house was opened. This

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is now called "The House of Internationalists." There most of their meetings are held.

To start this church, Bouck White gave all he had saved and all he had earned from royalties on his books, and still continues to do so. Recently, when he was released from prison, he had only thirteen dollars with which to pay the fine of one hundred dollars imposed by the judge. If some interested friends had not come to his rescue, he would have been compelled to work out his fine behind the bars. Moreover, since his release from prison, November 12, 1914, more than two years ago, he has had from the church treasury for his own personal expenses the sum of sixteen dollars!

A man of his ability does not have to work for so small a pecuniary reward. We know he must receive some commensurate pay—what is it? His books give the key to his character; we know for what he is working. He collects his dividends every morning in knowing that no man's collar is around his neck.

Years after Bouck White is dead, "The Call of the Carpenter" will be hailed as one of the greatest books ever written. The author still lives; he might write other such books if we will let him. If we do not, the loss will be our own.

Says Spencer: "There is a principle which is a bar against all information and which will keep a man in everlasting ignorance; that principle is contempt prior to investigation."

The police and the magistrates, anxious to curry favor with the men higher up, who in turn must pander to the financial "powers-that-be," are by reasons of their self-interest, or their own stupidity, bitterly against him. Yet, individually, the police love him; they admire his courage, his gentleness, his consideration.

It would seem that the Socialists, at least, ought to welcome him into their midst. However much they might differ from him in detail, the ethics of Christianity and Socialism are absolutely identical. It matters not how much the Socialists may revere Karl Marx and his economic gospel, the pre-

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cepts of their faith come from none other than the Carpenter of Galilee. But they, too, excoriate him and for practically the same reason. He insists on mixing religion with socialism. So they write long articles for their press endeavoring to prove how disastrous to the party would be the injection of religion.

At present Bouck White is engaged in writing a new book. Because of this, the work of his church is nominally at a standstill. This work is kept alive only by the personality of its leader and his departure therefrom undoubtedly would cause its speedy disintegration. As in every forward movement a few, fine souls have gathered about him, but these people accept no responsibility; their value lies chiefly in their moral support. The church has no assured financial backing, and no leaders; only the pastor. He assumes all burdens, plans all the work and executes most of it, from leading the prayer-meetings to painting the floors. While the dissolution of any movement for good is to be regretted, nevertheless, the extinction of this church entirely would be preferable to its absorption of Bouck White with its numerous petty details, its narrow circle of interests—to the nullification of the fine creative instinct, evidenced in his literary work. The man and his message are of far more value at this crisis in the world's history than the temporary success of the movement, however gratifying that might be to the individuals comprising it. Bouck White is narrowing his own activities and limiting his own usefulness to the world at large by dragging after him a galaxy of souls, however brave and courageous they may be while infused with his own spirit. Standing alone, he can conserve his strength and his inspiration for his true message; working in a group of lesser souls, with more limited horizons, must of necessity cripple his powers and confine his vision to the needs of the few, instead of the cry of the many, steeped in oppression and self-blindness.

This is the man we call dangerous; the man we fear, the man who has interpreted the Carpenter of Nazareth to us as no one did before—in terms of every-day life. We call

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him "the Master"; we are proud to bear his name,—then why are we so anxious to discredit this man who has given his life and dedicated his intellect to the interpretation of his message?

For sixteen centuries we have been professing Christianity, while we did those things that its founder abhorred. Isn't that long enough? Some of us are too stupid, too ignorant, or too indifferent to recognize the beauty of the message Bouck White brings. Others are willing to-day to crucify Jesus afresh, if it will serve their own ends. But let them cease crying "Lord, Lord!" while they are doing it.

We have called Jesus' way "impractical," when we meant too difficult for self-seekers to attempt; so we resent the courage of this man who tells us to our face what we are and proves his words. We want him done away with, as they did away with his predecessor, that we may resume our bourgeois schemes of self-aggrandizement, undisturbed. For the man is undeniably disturbing. He makes us *think*.

Consider our chosen recreations. When our necessary toil is done, do we seek mental stimulus in the hundreds of ways open to us in a city like this? The growing craze for dancing and *cabarets* is our answer. What have we in the theaters? Strange to say, we have here a few men who believe in the living Christ, and who give glimpses of Him in the theme of their plays. These dramas are welcomed by a few, but seldom are largely attended—*more of the real Christ is preached in the theater than in our magnificent churches to-day.*

But these plays are provocative of thought, and thought is unsettling. We want to be comfortable. The "tired business man" (and his wife and daughters to their thirty-second cousins) *wants to be amused to prevent thought,* so the key-note of it all is artificial excitement. It needs no argument to prove this as unhealthy and abnormal a mental diet as a continued over-dose of alcohol is to the physical system. But we are asleep and content. We fear the future. Therefore let us shut our eyes and let

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the future take care of itself. Consequently with this man who cries "Awake!" we will have as little to do as we can.

What is our literature? What are our best-sellers? Books that people with ideals would be ashamed to have written. Artificial, flimsily constructed tales of impossible men and women. Creatures of perfection in form and feature, and absolutely vacuous mentality. These, interspersed with insinuatingly suggestive sex-stories written by mental degenerates or plain money-grubbers, with miserable little pellets of souls, form our chief diet.

Our literature of to-day has about exhausted all that is common and vulgar. For atmosphere, we select the sordid, the vicious, and the people we create to live therein are suited, in every way, to their environment. The paint on the faces of the women has sunken in and replaced the usual life-blood. The men are weak, spineless, flabby creatures, whose sole reason for existence is to fight some hereditary taint of alcohol or unnecessary disease, or to pursue and capture one of these bloodless females. Then, imbecile marries idiot and expects consummate bliss.

A few clean souls have stood forth in defense of their ideals of literature, but the majority have wallowed delightedly in their sickening slime—prating rapturously of the abnormal, the disgusting, the filthy. It is an orgy of stupidity, a riot of banality, an apotheosis of the deadly dull; and mediocrity, abominated of God and man, is the result.

In the previous literary generation our books, when not classed as "literature," came under either one of two headings—the "goody-goody" or the "dirty-nasty." Now they partake mainly of the namby-pamby, milky-watery, characterless sentimentality of the first, while being thoroughly impregnated with the vileness of the latter.

The writing of vice and sex in the abnormal has become almost a cult. Its devotees gloat over the discovery of a new disease, or a more-revolting brutality. Having a measure of technique, they present a story, hideous in its insidious viciousness and appalling in its bold suggestiveness. This, they aver, is "real life" and fine literature artistically

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conceived. *If this is life as known to these authors, it is a pity some of the police—so busy in other ways—do not realize it and take appropriate action.*

Schopenhauer declared that the ruin of literature came about when men found that they could make money by books. This cult of the unclean, the perverted, savors too strongly of knowledge of the profit system to be merely the inherent bestiality in the minds of these writers. This straining for realism, this effort for modishness, this desire to be considered sophisticated is due chiefly to a knowledge of advertising values.

The prophets of unrighteousness are abroad and we fill our minds with their prurient husks, as the geese of Strassburg are stuffed; with a similar unnatural result. We cannot live a normal, moral life, if we feed on such themes as these, and there is no hope of a change for the better as long as men and books are judged solely by the standard of material prosperity.

In the political world our recent election campaign was a riot of unadulterated materialism. *Money! Profit! Trade!* In both of the old parties the plea of preference was based on selfishness and greed. With men of religious convictions as candidates no appeal was made to those convictions and ideals which mark the human race as fundamentally religious. No indication was given of a purpose to conduct the affairs of the nation on a basis of righteousness independent of material considerations. Nothing that would abolish poverty, or put a stop to injustice was even suggested; nothing that would minister to the higher and greater needs of humanity. Even the political Socialists, to whom we might have looked for lofty ideals, were unable to get away from the crass materialism that dominated all.

This is the same spirit that produced the European War and which, unchecked, bids fair to destroy civilization. The decadence of its ideals is the greatest disaster that can come upon any people. "Ill fares the land . . . where wealth accumulates and men decay." While we sit quiescent of things as they are, we too, are oppressors, thieves and mur-

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derers. To endure oppression is to be a clod; to permit injustice is to be equally culpable with the wrongdoer. To forsake the greed-spirit, to live as Jesus did, a life of service—not safety, would be to abolish wars, poverty and injustice almost over night.

We thrive, we blossom upon appreciation. We shrink and shrivel, we retire into our shells upon adverse criticism. Bouck White is human; is even more sensitive to influences than most of us. If the zeal of those who hate him because they fear him were turned toward an open minded study of his ideal of Human Brotherhood, it would relieve the world of much prejudice, fear and hate. Bouck White has given his life to the interpretation of the message of Jesus, not the dead, but the deathless Jesus—the stolen Jesus that Bouck White's writings restore, so He can never be stolen again.

At the close of the War, Christendom will be in a state favorable for reshaping into something different, something higher. It is a time of opportunity—of responsibility. Constructive thought is imperative; competent guides are needed. One such has been suggested—Jesus, the Carpenter, the truest statesman in history. His plan was not concerned with rewards and punishments, but with the unfolding of life, the joy of life—the Kingdom of God on earth.

RUIN

MARSHAL SOUTH

LOOK ye beyond; look ye beyond the veil
Of chattering mitrailleuse and splintering shell;
Beyond the blue, metallic, gun-fire haze,
That clouds the changing scenes of Europe's hell;
Beyond, aye, far beyond these sodden fields,
Where gun teams strain and flounder in the mire;
Beyond the trenches and the blackened stones
Of cities overwhelmed by blood and fire;

Beyond the rifle pits and shattered guns;
Beyond the long, low mounds that hide the dead;
Beyond the rolling smoke of pillaged towns;
Beyond the wheeling war-craft overhead,

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Beyond all these, and like the shades that rise,
  Grim and foreboding, at the close of day,
Beyond the flame-shot clouds of Europe's war,
  A shadow looms—*more sinister than they.*

The ghastly Shade of RUIN, cowled and grim;
  Wrapped in the gloom of ages past and fled;
Cloaked in the mantle of the centuries,
  Woven from crumbled Thrones and Empires dead;
The last, great, grimmest "Conqueror" of all,
  Whose stern commands the gods themselves obey;
Marshal of Destiny, before whose feet
  Empires give place and Races yield their sway.

RED RUIN . . . when the last hot gun has boomed;
  When the last tattered battle-flag is furled;
When silently the shattered legions fade
  From out the wreckage of the Western World;
When the last page and chapter has been writ
  Of that pathetic tragedy of Fate;
When the last bayonet drops and bugle wails . .
  There stands the Conqueror, RUIN—*seen too late!*

There stands the Conqueror. And in his wake,
  Roused from their slumber in the centuries' haze,
Come other Races, speaking other tongues;
  Their arms a-glitter in the dawning rays;
With hands outstretched to clutch the reins of Power
  From failing fingers *that were self destroyed*—
Strange, alien Peoples that shall build their huts
  From stones of Palaces that Kings enjoyed.

For such is Fate. The swerveless cycle swings.
  The Dawn, the Sunrise, and the Noon of Power;
The light of Learning and the jewels of Art,
  Enduring for their brief and brilliant hour;
And then the Evening shadows and the Storm;
  Darkness and Death descending like a pall . . .
Across the sands of Time the Empires go
  And the grim "Conqueror"—RUIN— whelms them all.

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IN THE DAYS OF CHESTERFIELD

JOHN CAMDEN DEAN

LORD CHESTERFIELD enjoyed the close friendship of the greatest men of his time, and was so successful in the art of pleasing that Dr. Johnson said: "Mankind was overpowered by the enchantment of his address, and the world contended for his regard." "Call it vanity if you will," said Chesterfield; "and possibly it is so, but my object was to make every man I met like me, and every woman love me." Walpole, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Fox and Granville were his contemporaries and political associates. He delighted in corresponding with Montesquieu and Voltaire, and was the friend and associate of Addison, Pope, Swift and Gray. He attained all the political honors to which he aspired, and finally retired by his own choice.

Both Chesterfield and Walpole began their famous letters about the year 1740. Although none of these letters were intended for the public eye, the present literary reputation of both gentlemen rests on their epistolary compositions. Chesterfield's letters furnish the best model of familiar letter writing in our language. They are neither poetic nor imaginative, but are brilliantly witty, perfect in tact, and present the wide knowledge and experience of a cultured cosmopolitan. They are not lectures on morality. Had they been, it is probable that they never would have been published. Their polish is Ciceronian, and they introduce a new literary grace into the composition of English social letters. It was an age of witty talkers and writers. Sheridan's comedies have preserved to us some of the talk of this brilliant company of wits. His plays not only reflect the keen humor and sparkling conversation of the Georgian period, but also present to us the elegant manners, fine dressing, wax candles and rich furnishing of the time.

Chesterfield was born at London in 1694. His mother died when he was an infant and his father paid no attention to his education. Fortunately for little Stanhope, he was

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placed under the care of his grandmother, Lady Halifax, who proved to be an excellent godmother. The days spent with Lady Halifax at the Savile Seat in Northamptonshire, an old abbey buried deep in the woods, gave the boy an opportunity to learn much of his illustrious grandfather, who among the statesmen of his time stood first in genius. Lord Halifax had been the elegant gentleman, orator, wit and writer of worldly wisdom of his time, and these gifts were destined to reappear in his brilliant grandson. From an early age Chesterfield manifested an inborn desire to excel. He says: "I should have been ashamed if any boy of my age had learned his book better or played at any play better than I did."

Lord Galway, on observing that the boy had a taste for political life, combined with a strong desire for pleasure, advised him to become an early riser, because, in the important posts that rank and fortune would entitle him to fill, he would be called on by visitors at nearly every hour of the day, and unless he arose constantly at an early hour, he would never have any leisure for himself. Late in life, Chesterfield wrote to his son: "If by chance, your business or your pleasures should keep you up till four or five o'clock in the morning, I would advise you, however, to rise exactly at your usual time. This is what I was advised to do when very young, by a very wise man; and what, I assure you, I always did in the most dissipated part of my life. I have often gone to bed at six in the morning and risen notwithstanding at eight; by which means I got many hours in the morning that my companions lost; and this want of sleep obliged me to keep good hours the next, or at least the third night. To this method I owe the greatest part of my reading; for from twenty to forty I should certainly have read but very little, if I had not been up while my companions were in bed."

Chesterfield spent two years at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he acquired a good knowledge of Latin and Greek, and was master of French before he entered the university. He says: "At nineteen I left the university, where I was an absolute pedant; when I talked my best I quoted

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Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid."

After leaving college, he made a tour of Holland, Italy and France. The youthful dissipations of this period he ascribes to his lack of a guide, and laments that his father was neither desirous nor able to advise him. If there had been anyone at hand to admonish him he could have avoided many follies and inconveniences which, undirected, youth runs into. In a letter to his son he says that he is "ashamed to confess that the vices of his youth proceeded more from a silly resolution of being, what he heard called, a man of pleasure, than from his own inclination." And then, "The same as to gaming. I did not want money and consequently had no occasion to play for it, but I thought play another ingredient in the composition of a man of pleasure, and accordingly I plunged into it, sacrificed a thousand pleasures to it, and made myself solidly uneasy by it, for thirty best years of my life. . . . Choose your pleasures for yourself, and do not let them be imposed upon you. Follow nature and not fashion. Weigh the present enjoyment of your pleasures against the necessary consequences of them, and then let your common-sense determine your choice."

On the death of Queen Anne, and the accession of George I, Chesterfield returned to England and entered the House of Commons, where he soon put to test his skill as a public speaker, for which he had long been preparing himself. His maiden speech was on the impeachment of James, Duke of Ormond, which was so well delivered that it at once established his reputation as a speaker. A friend called him aside and informed him that he was liable to a heavy fine for having spoken in the House, because he still lacked six weeks of being twenty-one years of age. He quietly withdrew and set out for Paris, glad to re-enter the society of that pivot of fashion, literature and art, where he was incidentally able to secure and transmit to his government important information respecting the Jacobite plot. On his return to England he resumed his seat in the House of Com-

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mons, and frequently participated in the debates of that exciting period.

By the death of his father, in 1726, he became the Fourth Earl of Chesterfield and took his place in the House of Lords, where his eloquence and discriminating judgment and charming manners won for him the friendship of Sir Robert Walpole, and the position of Lord Steward of the King's Household. His style of speaking fitted him better for the House of Lords than the Commons, but he always regarded the latter as the true arena for a man of genius. His speeches prove him to have been a man of advanced thought and action. He succeeded in passing the bill for the reform of the calendar, by which the method of reckoning time was changed from the Julian to the Gregorian year. He was a defender of the liberty of the press and of the drama. One of his best speeches was on the Play House Bill. He stood for religious liberty at a time when such belief was intolerable. "I would," he said, "as soon murder a man for his estate, as prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors. I should as soon expect every man to be of my height and temperament, as to wish that he would reason precisely as I do."

Chesterfield stands conspicuous as the friend of the American Colonies. Had he received proper parliamentary support, the disastrous contest with America would have been averted. He denounced the Stamp Act as a most pernicious measure and asked for its repeal. He said: "I now refer to the American Colonies, relative to the late Stamp duty, which our colonists refuse to pay. The opposition are for taking vigorous, as *they* call them, but *I* call them violent measures; not less than *les dragonades;* and to have the tax collected by the troops that we have there. For my part, I never saw a froward child mended by whipping, and I would not have the mother country become a step-mother." He was sensibly democratic in sentiment and always ridiculed genealogical pretensions. After a visit to Chesterfield House, Horace Walpole said, "I am now grieved to bear no descent, for my Lord Chesterfield has placed among the portraits of his ancestors,

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two old heads, inscribed Adam de Stanhope and Eve de Stanhope; the ridicule is admirable."

When William Pitt was made Earl of Chatham, Chesterfield thought he had fallen into a trap set for him by Lord Bute. Writing to a friend he said: "The joke here is that Pitt has had a fall up stairs and has done himself so much hurt that he will not be able to stand on his legs again. . . . He is now certainly only Earl of Chatham and no longer Mr. Pitt in any respect whatever. To withdraw in the fullness of his power and utmost gratification of his ambition, from the House of Commons, which procured for him power, and which alone could secure it to him, and go into that hospital of incurables, the House of Lords, is a measure so unaccountable that nothing but proof positive could have made one believe."

In 1732 Chesterfield opposed, and assisted in defeating, Sir Robert Walpole's famous Excise Bill, by which he offended the King and engendered the lasting enmity of Walpole. One day, as he was ascending the great staircase at St. James Palace, he was stopped and summoned home to receive a message, which proved to be an order from the King to surrender his white staff of Lord Steward. Walpole resolved to oppose the Earl at every opportunity, and not until his downfall, ten years later, did Chesterfield occupy any position of power under the King.

Chesterfield had a genius for observing and recording the characteristics of the great men whom he knew, and he has left us estimates of the characters of twenty public men of his time, written in succinct epigrammatical style, pointed in satire, but bearing internal evidence of their true lineaments. The following extract is from his character painting of Sir Robert Walpole.

"In private life he was good-natured, cheerful, social, intelligent in his manners, loose in his morals. He had a coarse, strong wit, which he was too free of, for a man in his station, as it is always inconsistent with dignity. He was very able as a minister, but without a certain elevation of mind necessary for great good, or great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient

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to his desire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great things for glory. He was the best Parliament man that I ever knew, and ablest manager of Parliament, that I believe ever lived. An artful rather than an eloquent speaker, he saw by intuition the disposition of the House and pressed or receeded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in finance, that whilst he was speaking the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration; and he employed it with a success which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was loved by many, but respected by none. He was not vindictive, but on the contrary placable to those who injured him most. His good-humor, good-nature, and beneficence, in the several relations of father, husband, master, and friend, gained for him the warmest affection of all within the circle."

Horace Walpole has been called the best letter writer in the English language, but probably the most celebrated collection of English letters is that written by Chesterfield to his son, though undoubtedly the most famous single private letter is the one written by Dr. Samuel Johnson to Chesterfield on his neglect to fulfill expectations as patron. Chesterfield had long lamented that there was no lawful standard of the English language such as had been prepared in other languages. The dictionaries they had were mere word books, with the good and bad jumbled in together, and he was delighted when he knew that Dr. Johnson would undertake the work of writing a comprehensive dictionary.

Dodsley had undertaken publication of the volume and Johnson wrote out the " Plan," which was addressed to Chesterfield and which closed as follows: " And I may hope, my Lord, since you, whose authority in our language is so generally acknowledged, have commissioned me to declare my own opinions, I shall be considered as exercising a kind of vicarious jurisdiction and that the power which might have been denied to my own claim will be readily allowed me as the delegate of your lordship."

The Dictionary, with a Grammar and History of the English Language, was the greatest work of Johnson's life, and it was the pride of all Britons that such a stupendous

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work could be achieved by one Englishman in so short a time, while it had taken the French Academy 40 years to compile theirs. At that time the pronunciation and spelling of common English words was entirely unsettled and during the preparation of the work Johnson had frequent occasions to consult eminent writers and speakers regarding the proper pronunciation of words.

Lord Chesterfield told him that the word *great* should be pronounced so as to rime with *state,* but word was sent to him by Sir Wm. Young that none but an Irishman would pronounce it that way: *great* should be pronounced so as to rime with *seat.* "Now," said Johnson to Boswell, "here are two men of the highest rank, the one the best speaker in the House of Lords, the other the best speaker in the House of Commons, differing entirely."

Before the publication of the Dictionary, Chesterfield wrote two articles for the *World* commending it in the highest terms and saying that at old Rome in time of confusion they appointed a Dictator, and he humorously proposed a Dictator of the English language; giving his vote for Johnson to fill the great and arduous post. He said, "I will not only obey him like an old Roman, as my Dictator, but like a modern Roman I will believe in him as my Pope, and hold him infallible while in the chair; but no longer."

Johnson took deep offense, when, on one of his visits to Chesterfield, he was detained in the anti-chamber an unusually long time because the Earl had company. When the door finally opened and Colly Cibber walked forth, and Johnson saw for whom he had been excluded, he went away in great rage, and would never return. He was also offended because Chesterfield had not furnished him pecuniary assistance at a time that he was in great need, but there is no evidence to show that Chesterfield was aware of his expectations.

The celebrated thunderbolt of Johnson was filled with keen satire and lofty contempt. Chesterfield showed his proud indifference by leaving the letter upon his table where anyone might read it. He even read it to Dodsley the bookseller, praising the great powers of Johnson, pointing out

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the severest passages, and observing how well they were expressed. A copy of the letter furnished by Johnson to Boswell, was after Johnson's death, deposited in the British Museum. The following is an extract from the famous invective.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing to a patron, what Providence has enabled me to do for myself."

It should be remembered that Johnson, at this time, was but little known. He had published his *Life of Savage* and his *London,* but they had not made him famous. Chesterfield, however, was then Secretary of State and a busy man of affairs. He was fond of the drama and enjoyed the company of Cibber, who possessed wit, good sense, tact, and pleasing manners. Johnson disliked Cibber, and his reputation unduly suffered from Johnson's unjust depreciation of his work. Chesterfield had cultivated the graces until it was painful for him to be in the company of a man like Johnson, who constantly offended all the rules of polite society. Johnson appears to have had great delicacy with respect to the circulation of this letter. When the Bishop of Salisbury asked for permission to read it to Lord Hardwick, Johnson declined to comply with the request, saying that he had hurt Chesterfield too much already. Johnson at one time savagely condemned Chesterfield's letters to his son, but on another occasion said that with some editing they would make a book that should be placed in the hands of every young gentleman, at the same time observing that most men of education would rather be called rascals than to be accused of being deficient in the graces.

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Chesterfield was twice made ambassador to Holland at times when international matters requiring great diplomacy were settled. Holland was then the ally of England and his position as ambassador required him to act in matters concerning the relations of England and France. He acquitted himself with such ability that on his return to England he was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In no part of his life did he win greater honor than in his Irish administration. His conduct of affairs in Ireland softened the King to him and he was invited to exchange the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland for the seals of Secretary of State, which he accepted, with Pelham as Minister at the head of the Treasury. He declined the Order of Bath, because he considered it too little. He declined a Dukedom, which the king offered him, as being too much; but accpted the Order of the Garter as an appropriate recognition of his services. Public estimates of his character often appear to have been unjustly based on what were merely a few incidents of his life, while the great events of his career have been neglected.

His correspondence, more than his essays or speeches, has given him enduring literary fame. He has been called the English Rochefoucauld, and yet his brilliant, wise maxims were never intended to be known to the outside world. His wisdom is reproachfully called *worldly,* but so was that of La Rochefoucauld and of Franklin. The letters his son had reached manhood, and are therefore the private letters of one man to another. The education of the son was mainly directed to preparing him for a diplomatic career, and the purpose was to impart that knowledge of the world which was so necessary for success as a diplomat. The son on whom Chesterfield had lavished such care and affection, at last deceived and disappointed him by secretly marrying a woman below his station. The first intimation that the Earl received of his death came from a lady who announced herself as his widow, with two children. Chesterfield treated her generously, and took charge of the education of the children, but after the death of Chesterfield the ungrateful widow, for pecuniary speculation, offered the letters for sale,

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and succeeded in obtaining £1,500, from Dodsley, for them. An unsuccessful effort was made to restrain their publication by suit and injunction, but they were published in 1774, and their merit at once gave them such a large circulation that within twenty years they passed through eleven editions.

In 1748 Chesterfield finished building his splendid mansion which stands not far from the Stanhope Gate of Hyde Park. It is still called Chesterfield House and is now the town residence of the Duke of Roxburghe. The architect was Isaac Ware, quite celebrated at the time, who adhered to the elegance of Greek style, when French decorations were very popular. The splendid hall columns, floors, and stair case, with double flight, were taken from a beautiful house, built by the Duke of Chandos, about eight miles from London. Chesterfield's country villa at Blackheath was inherited from his brother. The Earl made extensive alterations, added a handsome gallery, and the villa became his favorite summer residence. He was fond of riding but never enjoyed the English sport of fox-hunting, of which he said, "The poor beasts are run down by greater beasts than themselves." Byron wrote:

> "He thought at heart like *courtly Chesterfield*
> Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,
> And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
> Asked next day, if men ever hunted *twice*."

While Chesterfield has for generations been the exemplar of elegant manners and dress, he has never been accused of being a fop or an exquisite. He advised his son not to be the first or last in fashion, and to wear as fine clothes as those of his rank commonly did. He said: "When you are well dressed for the day, do not seem to know that you have any clothes, but let your carriage and motion be as easy as they could be in your nightgown." In his "Detached Thoughts," Chesterfield describes a famous coxcomb of his time, in the following witty manner:

> "God made Dodington the coxcomb he is; mere human means could never have brought it about. He is a coxcomb superior to his

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parts, though his parts are superior to almost anybody's. He is thoroughly convinced of the beauty of his person, which cannot be worse than it is without deformity. His distinguished awkwardness he mistakes for a peculiar gracefulness. He talks of his ancestors, though no mortal knows that he even had a father. And what is difficult for him to do, he even overrates his parts. Common coxcombs hope to impose upon others, more than they impose upon themselves. Dodington is sincere, nay moderate; for he thinks still ten times better of himself than he owns. Blest coxcomb!"

A good example of Chesterfield's witty epigrams is one written by him when, on a visit to Bath, he found that a full length portrait of Beau Nash had been placed in the Pump Room between the busts of Newton and Pope:

"This picture placed the busts between
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen
But Folly at full length."

Chesterfield's public career was highly honorable and his actions disinterested, at a time when corruption in office was almost universal. He never desired to make money from office and despised all public men who possessed the passion of avarice. He was not only a man of wit and culture, but was master of life in all its phases. A few of his celebrated maxims are given below.

"Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments only give lustre; and many more people see than weigh."

"The injustice of a bad man is sooner forgiven than the wit of a witty one."

"A man who tells nothing or tells all will equally have nothing told to him."

"Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him."

"The scholar without good breeding is a pedant, the philosopher a cynic, the soldier a brute, and every man disagreeable."

"Fear, instead of avoiding, invites danger, for concealed cowards will insult known ones."

"The greatest fools are the greatest liars. I judge every man's truth by the degree of his understanding."

"Wrongs are often forgiven but contempt never is. Our pride remembers it forever."

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"Merit at courts without favor will do little or nothing, favor without merit will do a good deal, but favor and merit together will do everything."

When he resigned the seals of Secretary of State, his health, spirits, character, and desire for rest, all concurred in demanding his retirement. In his youth he had lived in the constant pursuit of pleasures, later he had been bound by the rush of pressing business, and in the third period of his life he proposed to devote himself to life's real pleasures—quiet, liberty, his health, his books, his friends. "I shall not keep *less* company" he said, "but only *better,* for I shall choose it." He was asked by the King to serve a second term as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but an hereditary partial deafness had attacked him and he would not accept the position. He said: "I comfort myself with the reflection that I did not lose the *power,* till after I had very nearly lost the *desire* of hearing. I have long and voluntarily been deaf to the voice of ambition, and to the noise of business, so that I lose nothing upon that head."

During his retirement he remained an active member of the House of Lords. He died in 1773, when nearly four score. Writing of Chesterfield's death, Horace Walpole said to a lady friend, "Alas! I shall have no more of his lively sayings, Madam, to send you."

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CITIES THAT MAKE GOOD

WILLIAM A. FEATHER

IT has been my observation that a city generally grows from within out. This is a clumsy but direct way of saying that the heads of most big industrial and commercial enterprises in a city are men who have grown up with the town.

For instance, why should Akron be the home of a half-dozen of the biggest rubber plants in the country? Is it not because the pioneers in the business happened to be Akron men who liked the town, and instead of hiking off to Cleveland to build a factory, they built one in Akron?

Again, why should Boston be the shoe center of the United States? This industry might better be located in a middle-western city, but it happened that a few of the first brainy shoe men liked Boston and decided to stay there. Dayton, the birthplace of John H. Patterson, is largely built up around the National Cash Register Company. Detroit is the hub of the automobile business for no particular reason except that the owners of most of the factories there called Detroit their home before they built automobiles. Pittsburgh is a great steel center, largely because many years ago its young men received training in the steel business and learned to like Pittsburgh.

It is the usual custom of chambers of commerce, boards of trade, commercial clubs, or whatever may be the names of those organizations that make it their business to boost a city, to devote most of their time to blowing horns in an attempt to interest outside capitalists in their community.

I am not certain that this is not largely misdirected energy. I have read of many of the prospectuses sent out by local boards of trade. They tell much about transportation facilities, water and fuel supplies, climate, factory, sites, growth of population.

Many hours of thought and lots of dollars are spent in these campaigns. Quite often public-spirited citizens raise a fund of a few hundred or thousand dollars and offer it to a

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prospective capitalist as an inducement to him to select their city. Stock in a proposed enterprise is frequently liberally subscribed for by the townsmen, as an evidence of good-will. But what does all this amount to?

I am reminded of a story they tell in Kansas City where some of the leading citizens conceived the idea of building up the town by organizing a company with a capital of $1,000,000 to be invested in the preferred stock of her smaller plants and to be held out as an inducement to others. About a third of the million had been subscribed when the committee called upon the late Col. W. R. Nelson, then owner and editor of the *Kansas City Star*. They expected a large subscription and also to secure the endorsement and co-operation of the *Star* in raising the balance. But Col. Nelson promptly declined to contribute to, or support the plan, saying that "whenever conditions for manufacturing are made right in Kansas City, factories cannot be kept away, and until conditions are right they ought to stay away."

Col. Nelson had in mind some of the factors of the "City That Makes Good," which I wish to bring before you.

In sizing up a town many questions must be asked, and I am going to suggest a few of them.

In the first place, what kind of schools have they? Are they well equipped, up-to-date? Are they training their boys and girls to become citizens that will do something for the town? Is there a university within their corporation limits or near, to which the more ambitious or more fortunate may go? Are the citizens enforcing the state law which prohibits children from working in factories until they are fourteen or sixteen, as the case may be?

What of the community's libraries? Do the books really circulate? Is the library a human institution where the ordinary person can go and feel at home, or is it a stuffy, overheated place, fit only for the aged, and people who wear whiskers and put cotton in their ears?

Is any encouragement given to the cultivation of a good musical taste? Is there a local orchestra, supported by the citizens. If a small town, is there a Chautauqua or a Lyceum

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course? What of the theater? Is it possible for a good road company, playing good drama, to make expenses on a visit?

I have asked many questions, perhaps too many, but I can make my point better in that way.

Now let us consider the social activities of a community. Cleveland has a fine civic spirit. It has acquired hundreds and hundreds of acres of park land which it is helping the people to use. Years ago it burned the "Keep Off the Grass" signs. It has laid out baseball diamonds and tennis courts. Playgrounds for the children dot the city. They are directed by trained instructors, all of whom are graduates of a short course in playground work. The city controls its own bathing beaches and even its own refreshment stands. Sandwiches in the parks are sold for three cents. Even the dancing pavilions are managed by the city. The result not only is cheaper amusement but the best managed public dances you can find anywhere. Cleveland, like Chicago, just now is engaged in a fight to gain control of its water-front in order that the people may not be deprived of this heritage, and in this respect Cleveland is much better off than Chicago. The former city has the upper hand in the argument.

The policy of making community centers of the schoolhouses is spreading very rapidly through the progressive cities. Cities that are wide awake are holding free night classes. They are training immigrants in citizenship, establishing prison farms, injecting the golden rule policy into the police force, building free public hospitals for the sick, and enforcing a tenement code that prohibits the building of disease-breeding dungeons.

In the organization of their government these cities, too, are taking steps forward. They are centralizing responsibility, making provision for the initiative, referendum and recall, and, in other words, making the government direct and responsive. The newest thing is the development of that new profession—the city manager. This man under ideal conditions, trains for public service as a doctor trains for his profession. In him is largely the hope of efficiency in municipal administration.

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Another characteristic of successful cities is that they have good public markets, places where the gardener and farmer can get together. In addition to getting better food products into the hands of the people, these public markets act as a food regulator for the merchants of the city who might be inclined to boost the cost of living higher than necessary. Wherever I go I notice that the growing cities have good public markets.

There is one more thing that a successful city must always try to do, and that is force the public utility corporations to give the maximum of service at the minimum of cost. I lived in Cleveland during the great fight which Tom Johnson made for three-cent street-car fare. I believe that fight, coupled with the many economic and humanitarian measures which Johnson introduced, did more to give Cleveland its 46 per cent. increase in the decade 1900 to 1910 than any other thing. Beside this sort of thing, the horn-tooting of chambers of commerce is a joke.

These utility fights have been made in other cities besides Cleveland; for instance, in Detroit and Toledo where Pingres and Golden Rule Jones fought, respectively. Cleveland is now engaged in a fight for three-cent electric light. The private corporation, against which a municipal plant is competing, has not yet reduced its rates to householders, but it has reduced its power rates tremendously. When you are talking cities to a manufacturer the fact that you can quote him low power rates will have more effect than the visit of a delegation of good fellows. Therefore, I would recommend to chambers of commerce who are anxious to see their cities grow that they support the people in their fight to regulate the street car, water, gas, electricity, telephone service, etc.

My last point, I think, is the most important of all.

The city that wants to make good must relieve business and the home of unjust taxation and place the burden upon the land.

Every business man will tell you *it is the overhead charges that are eating the heart out of profits to-day. Business is suffering from steadily increasing overhead charges.*

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*Materials cost more, labor costs more. The purchasing power of the people is declining. The results are strikes, no dividends, overproduction.**

This overhead charge is little understood by the people, but they feel it oppressing them without knowing what it is. Overhead cost affects everybody—the laborer, the capitalist, the preacher, the lawyer, the doctor. It enters all vocations and all businesses. *When a man finds he cannot make a living and get ahead in one city, he pulls up stakes and gets out.* That's where Cleveland's low cost of amusement, its free parks, municipal dance halls, three cent light and car fare, are tremendous advantages. They swing the balance in her favor. Her working people stay with her, and so do the factories.

But out in St. Louis there is a different story. There the manufacturers must fight a continually shifting population. This is said to be due very largely to her antiquated tax laws. Missouri throws the greatest tax burden on the home. The home pays for opening, grading, curbing and sidewalking the streets; it bears the greater part of the burden for sewers, for parks and boulevards, for the extension of water mains, for water for fire fighting and flushing streets and sewers. The general property tax, although assessed against the merchant is by him shifted onto the home. Downtown property, thus being freed from these tax burdens, is much in demand and rents soar skywards and finally alight on the home.

Taxes are one big item in the overhead charges a community must pay. Then there is one other overhead or underfoot charge—the greatest of all. I refer to the interest on land values, that is, rent. Cities are inclined to boast of the high prices their downtown properties bring. The high land values are of course a reflection of the city's growth and prosperity. But when I hear a city boast of its high land values I think of a man who boasted to me that he owed $200,000. Did you ever stop to think *that high land values*

* This fact also holds good of the public utility. Prior to 1914, the country was dotted with public utilities that had gone bankrupt from just this cause; so that too much regulation is as great a damage as none.

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mean the same thing as indebtedness? Before you can do business on the earth, you've got to pay the interest on these land values in the form of rent, just as the man who has borrowed capital must pay the interest on his loan before he can draw out his profits.

Now, *the average land value per capita in cities is* $1,000. Statistics show that *the ownership of this land is constantly concentrating into fewer and fewer hands. Five per cent. of the people own most of our urban land values.* The annual interest charge on this value is five per cent., which is paid to these few landowners before a wheel of industry is turned or a single laborer is fed. This annual drain is what decreases the fund that might be used to pay higher wages and better dividends, thus increasing the purchasing power of the consumers.

At present the employer strives to meet this situation by the installation of labor-saving machinery and increased human efficiency. But his victory is very short-lived. He soon finds that these advantages are capitalized by the landlord.

That is the reason I should have begun with this phase of the question, instead of discussing better schools, better recreational facilities, cheaper transportation, public markets and so on. These things are all necessary, but they should be preceded by tax reform; otherwise the benefits which flow from them will be capitalized by the landlords. That is what happened in Cleveland where they have had three-cent fare for about six years. Shortly after this went into effect, rents were advanced and land values soared, especially in outlying districts where it was thought the poorer people who had been confined to the slums would go. The same thing happened when three-cent light was obtained. Only a certain section of the city was given this light. It, therefore, became a talking point in renting and selling property in this section and higher prices were asked.

Therefore, I would advise the city that wants to grow, that wants to make good, to begin NOW to reform its tax laws, if it can do so itself, and if it has not the authority, to ask its state legislators for permission.

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THE TURMOIL OF EXISTENCE

MARTHA E. BYRNES

PERHAPS the contrast between what I had observed on my prolonged trip through the East and Middle West and the observations given to us in such unique form by old "Elia," which had filled my after-dinner hour, roused the train of thought: howbeit, I found myself soliloquizing upon the, to me, menace of our age. It amused me to wonder what "Elia" would find to write about were he alive and visiting America today. I pictured the quaint character prowling about the cities and by-ways in search of the old and beautiful and odd—though I am afraid the dear man would not be permitted to prowl in his old customary manner, but in this progressive age and city would be docketed "suspicious character." It occurred to me, though, that were he still observing humanity from around the corner of his screen, we might be treated (would we appreciate the treat?) to a few remarks on that very subject of my soliloquy—*the discontent and almost universal unrest of youth in this country today.*

There seems to me little difference in cities—which is not surprising, since there is little difference in people. One large city resembles another and is the prototype of the small town in, at least, conditions of life and method of existence of its people.

It is not so much the fanatical pursuit of the *joys of life* which appals me, but the absolute unconsciousness of and utter inability to conceive of the *joy of living*. That phrase has no place in the scheme of things in this day in America; *the turmoil of existence* might well be substituted.

How many of our young folks today are capable of realizing that one of the joys of life is the quiet enjoyment of a fine friendship. How many of them would believe that were no other pleasure obtainable, granted this one, there could still be the keenest joy in living. Mere conversation between sympathetic persons, even though diverse in their opinions,

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should be a serious delight of life. As to suggesting on a Sunday afternoon to one of these young people, fretful over an hour in which there is "nothing to do," that they go alone to Carnegie Hall, sit in the balcony and listen to the music—that would certainly be received as a joke!

And, relative to the widely unappreciated pleasure of reading and absorbing elevating authors, let us give a little "slide" view which struck me as pathetic, though undoubtedly funny: I was passing a few days at a small resort on one of the Great Lakes. The only accommodation, with the exception of camping cottages dotted through the woods, was a low, broad inn guarded on every side by tall poplar trees. It faced a sloping beach and the hoary forest pressed almost to its back door. The only one of the new arrivals who did not object vociferously, I was consigned to the attic and a wobbly cot where I was to trap oblivion, did I find it possible. Secretly, I was pleased with the assignment. I have always maintained that to seek life's high places is ever commendable. I pulled the cot as close to the open window, hooked above my head to the slant ceiling, as was wise, and lay, wide-eyed, gazing at the regretful moon, as, holding her position to the very last, she challenged the power of the submerging storm-cloud to harmonize the scene. The soft lapping and swishing of the tall poplars and the slow, regularly recurring wash of the waves on the beach struggled to my ears above the dance music below-stairs. Lying awake for very enjoyment of the night, I began to realize that the waves dashed more insistently and less regularly and that the careening poplars swirled more wildly; and soon rain beat furiously upon the roof over my head, while——crash broke with flash as the low cloud was rent.

The music below-stairs had ceased—the gay, rag-time music with its feverish, exciting urge to youth for one more hippety-hop. That is, literally, what some of the modern dances appear to an old fogy like myself; and, also, I liked to fancy, to the interesting little "fogy" of whom I am about to tell you: I had noticed several times that day a group of of lively-looking young women (it is good to see young

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women look *live,* though not necessarily *lively*—still, forced liveliness is a better sight than affected boredom) wildly *enjoying* themselves. Between supper and dance time I watched them set off "on further pleasure bent."

"We can't go without Catherine," said the director of the group.

"Don't wait for her," spoke the tall girl, "she don't want to go."

"Don't *want* to go! Why, we are going to have a ripping time! Where is she? What is she doing?"

The tall girl looked straight into the eyes of the other girl. I chuckle as I recall, but my poor pen is helpless to portray what her tone contained—as she announced: "She's walking up and down the porch reading Longfellow!" The amount of non-comprehension, scorn, sheer disgust (for the foolish creature who so wasted her time) that she succeeded with voice and look in conveying to her companions was prodigious—was ominous. Keenly curious, I watched the group as they passed me and, yes, it was the sweet-eyed girl I had noticed at lunch time who was missing.

Do not mistake me—I pray I may never be interpreted as a "knocker" against wholesome recreation and plenty of it; I merely cry out at the complete surrender to what is, unquestionably, the lower plane of pleasure. We cannot force our youth to be calm in this ever-existent search and to allow some of life's pleasures to come to them. Our generation suffers in that we cannot. A few material disappointments should not bring nervous collapse. Where is the self-sufficiency contained in the knowledge of the joy of living irrespective of the joys of life. Alas! that self-sufficiency does not spring instantaneously to meet its demand. It must be inculcated, developed, matured.

I regret having to say it, but—yes, I believe *men are living more seriously than women:* not with a broad seriousness that includes the many deep interests of life, but, quite often, a centered seriousness on one great interest—business; which is not the best state of affairs, and almost a menace, too, though undeniably preferable to the positively flippant

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use some people make of the lives their Creator *loaned* them.

Waiting for my dinner one evening in a much patronized restaurant in New York City, my attention was directed to a remarkable-looking couple at an adjoining table. She was one of the beautiful, pleasure-loving creatures our country breeds in every station, and had just put aside the subject of wars with a shudder of horror at the mere thought of " all those dead bodies." The man spoke quickly. (Was it a suggestion of anger in his voice? Did the note that underlay his speech sound a challenge while it pleaded?) : " Dead souls look worse than dead bodies: life kills souls sometimes, as you women kill ideals by refusing to live seriously!"

An electric moment followed the pause in his speech and—did he detect the almost imperceptible squirm of the woman's soul, as did I?

And, again, the recurrent impression: almost alone, away out at the end of one of the long piers at Atlantic City, surrounded by the fathomless ocean surging its endless conundrums, overhead, a beneficent moon and a gracious adornment of stars, one looks back toward the garishly-lighted boardwalk and knows a yearning—for the restless, eager throng, which, pursuant of its false, sordid standard of pleasure, completely ignores the grand; the *grand!* which so nearly envelops but deigns not to obtrude upon this little man-made section of Eternity—a yearning for some miracle to extinguish their garish lights and make them see.

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COLORED HILLS

JOHN AMID

PICTURES, ordinarily, are made by painters; only occasionally are painters made by pictures.

Only once in a great while, that is—only once in countless chances, is there an occasion when a picture, a sunset, a miraculous landscape, a bit of breathless coloring, a scene of unimagined beauty, awakes the latent instinct in a potential painter, and makes of the man an artist. Yet the thing has been done. A sudden widening of the eyes, beholding, as if for the first time, the blue shadings, the grouped contours of the eternal hills, and, lo! an artist is born!

Such a scene, such an inspiration-creating picture, we saw last evening, driving up toward the side of the valley, just as dusk was closing in.

Our valley is flat, like a floor, a depression in the center being so gradual, and the distances so vast, that the eye is deceived. Mountains rim it to the north, rising abruptly from the level areas of brush and orchard, until they tower eight thousand feet above the plain; lower hills, twenty miles away, rim it to the south; the mightiest peaks of all buttress it on the east, but they are so far off that only on clear days can we see the summits, the lower slopes being always lost below the curve of the world. Green orchards of orange and lemon, yellow fields of grain or pasture, acres of olives, and somber groves of eucalyptus checker the valley floor. The air, after the first autumn rains, is that of the Campagna at its best. One hundred miles to the south lies Mexico.

We drove north along a gray asphalt boulevard, flanked on either side by even orange-orchards, with the black masses of the first foothills rising before us; overhead the sky was clear, but at our left the sun was setting prematurely behind an approaching fog-bank, its sharply outlined disc, giving little light, glaring at us like a blood-red moon.

We turned sharply east, right-angling to another boulevard, lighter colored than the first, and suddenly came clear of the orchard trees. Open brush-grown mesa, edging the

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foothills, lay at our left, with the northern hills beyond; the far, grove-covered sweep of the valley stretched at our right. Behind us the red sun settled further into his fog-bank, and fairy-land rose ahead.

We think a great deal of our mountains. Changeless, from month to month, from year to year, yet never twice the same, they furnish us, on our comings and goings across the valley miles, with dream-pictures of infinite shadings—light, ethereal blues in hazy weather; dark purples, blues and blacks on days of storm; mysteries of sunlight and shadow in the early morning lights; vistas of violet, lavender, gold and rose at sunset.

But never have I seen them more alluring, more beautiful, than last evening. Heavy, dark foothills in the foreground at our left, beyond a brush-covered stretch fast settling into oblivion in that fading light; then, sharply differentiated from the solid actualities so near at hand, two great triangular summits, luminous, mystical, bathed in an even color of thin rose-lavender, not of this world—with the flat, graying sweep of the unemotional valley at our feet.

The final blind rays—I suppose the last dim, red rays from that fog-enshrouded sun, produced the effect—gave us the contrast between our heavy, almost gloomy foreground of foothills, mesa, and valley, and those great, luminous, triangular visions of thin rose-lavender.

There was something almost philosophical in that view, something significantly emotional, in that contrast of dark and light, near and far, gray-brown-black and rose-lavender. The cleavage was as sharp as that between tangible and intangible, the difference marked as between concrete and abstract, between the actual and the ideal. And yet, each part of the picture was complementary to the rest, each necessary to form a complete, harmonious whole.

As the light faded and the effect waned, we wondered, hurrying homeward through the edge of the evening, how many of the dependable, prosperously-housed, pleasantly-situated ranchers and orchardists of the valley—how great a proportion of the enterprising, energetic, American citi-

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zenry of the district—had caught the superlative magic, the wonder; and, yes, the meaning, of that sunset scene. How many were conscious of that beauty, until it became almost a part of them? How many, though engaged at their tasks, waited for it, watched for it, and, when it came, caught it, appreciated it, lived it? And how many were there who, busy with their evening chores, feeding their cattle, or eating their own bread and milk, or ham and potatoes, or red beefsteak, knew nothing, thought nothing, cared nothing, about a mere matter of color on the hills?

Let us hope, let us believe, that the ayes have it; that the majority knew and loved the splendor above and about them even as did the fathers of that tribe of old, whose singer called aloud: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills!" and whose wise prophet uttered the deathless words: *"Where no vision is, the people perish."*

THE LAND OF GOD

THEODORE GATES

WHEN the toil of the day is o'er
And the work shall be no more,
Then I hie me away
To the woodland, sad or gay.
Here is no thought of the morrow,
Here is no flood of sorrow,
Out in the Woodland of God.

Yet all is sorrow today,
For all things pass away—
Even the leaves, creatures of God,
The old torn leaves are undertrod.
Let us the flowers bless,
So pale, so beautiful, so helpless,
All, all Creatures of God.

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Oh, 'tis the very sweetness of life
To hie me away from this study and strife,
To the beautiful garden of God,
Out with the trees and the springy sod—
For this is the life I'd love to live,
Yea, gladly my soul I'd give,
  Give in the temple of God.

Give me a life in the woodland
Where God's wild flowers blow;
For there I'd be with heaven's band,
  Where only the blessed go.
All would be happiness there;
I would live in this land so fair,
  Live in the land of God.

Yet life's aim is not pleasure,
Life's aim is duty's treasure.
So if all our days we give
And for others our lives we live,
Surely the reward will be
To reign for eternity—
  Reign in the Land of God.

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